

The TATLER

and

BYSTANDER

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H.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH—21 ON MONDAY

On Monday, April 21, the Heiress Presumptive to the Throne is twenty-one years of age. To her, helping her parents in the fulfilment of their Imperial duties during the South African tour now nearing its end, will go loyal greetings and heartfelt wishes for a long and happy life



Decorations by Wysard

Sean Fielding

Portraits in Print

DAWN was very close and the first soft warning of its coming caressed the edges of the leaves. Muted, it nursed the birds from out their deep sleep. The dark waters of the lake stirred and sighed and went lap-lap against the still hidden shore. A thin mist swirled and eddied about our shins and Paul said, "Wait; let us wait for it." And this we did and bade good morning to the morning (as we had many times before, but never since) in St. James's Park.

Then we walked on home to West Kensington and spoke of many things that had to do with our trade which was then, and is now, the collection of news and its presentation in the printed word for the edification of those who should buy our journals. Actors, they tell me, are much given to talking "shop" among themselves. It is likely that journalists are the greater adepts in this respect; and at this point your correspondent must state that he is no sluggard. As some will listen to *Tales of the Borders* and then add their own to shame Author Wilson in his unquiet grave, so will I listen to the Stories of Grub Street and Fleet Street—two thoroughfares which must not, by the by, be confused; the one was in Cripple-gate leading from Fore Street northerly to Chiswell Street, and the other to this day runs from Temple Bar easterly to Ludgate Circus.

Telegram

IT was on the occasion of which I speak, that Paul told me of Northcliffe's telegram.

Its text is deep embedded in my mind and has still the occult power to mortify the very marrow of my bones and bring about such a shaking of the hands that I must needs try to cover up the onset with a quick, and wholly untrue, reference to "a touch of that damned malaria."

The circumstances of its sending may first be shortly explained. Northcliffe had seen Seymour Hicks's play *The Man in Dress Clothes*, and had thought so remarkably well of it that he was determined that his readers of the *Daily Mail* must share the experience. Wherefore,

each day, a story about the play had to appear in the news columns. It fell to Paul, after some interval of time, to write this—which he did ably and well. Yet, on the morrow, came the telegram. It read:

If it be really true that you are the author of the misleading story which appears in Column Five on Page Three of the current issue of the *Daily Mail* let me tell you that it has not improved your reputation for accuracy but has done you harm stop As you will yet learn stop Chief.

Paul had offended against the Northcliffe dictum that if you wish to draw immense crowds you must say that their chances of getting into the theatre are so small as to be almost non-existent. You may say, if you like, that the police are there with drawn batons, that ten were injured and fifty fainted in the crush; but do *not* say that seats are to be had at the greatest (for the moment) show on earth—even if the earnest fellow running it tells you that this is the fact.

Approach

I FANCY that even now our friend Mr. C. B. Cochran feels that Northcliffe was on to something near-fundamental in his notions. "I remember," he said at luncheon last week, "a certain Press Baron approaching me to buy a back page in one of his papers which was devoted to the doings and the records of *The Fancy*. I was to buy the whole space for the announcement of a fight I was promoting (was it Colin Bell or Georges Carpentier?—do you know for the life of me I cannot be sure—it was so long ago!) and in return I was to receive, free, a full front page picture of my champion of the moment. I said, emphatically, No; my picture must come first, then, perhaps, two issues later I would pay for my space. The public can smell cozening, and they simply will not put up with it.

"How very different was Northcliffe. He came to see *The Miracle* which I was staging at Olympia in 1911. He was enormously impressed. I think it was the first of the great theatrical enterprises which fired his imagina-

tion, his emotion, his intellect, and his fantastic sense of news. He said to me, 'What is your capacity?' I told him we could seat 10,000. He then said 'What are you doing?' I told him 5,000. He said, 'You shall have 20,000 people waiting for every performance'—and then he turned on every gun in the enormous battery he was commanding.

Briefing

HE sent for his leader writers and dictated the first leader himself. His music critics, his art critics, his photographers, his reporters, his society gossips were given their most specific orders; even J. L. Garvin had his instructions. 'And,' said young Harmsworth, pressing a button for his advertising manager, 'see that Mr. Cochran is not allowed any advertising space in any paper until the show ends, other than the bare announcements in the theatre columns. Not an inch, not a centimetre, not a millimetre.' It was a great show and it ran and ran, in fact it ran until Olympia was no longer free because it had to be used for the Ideal Home Exhibition. We could not transfer it; it was conceived in the round—not for a stage—by the greatest director of them all, Reinhardt. We used to sit up all night feasting, you know—there is no other word for it—in his great baroque Teutonical castle. We planned every detail. We even scoured London to get the right mongrels, to follow the rabble of the broken army which begins the spectacle. They had to be exactly like those strange creatures that are always nosing for scraps in the corners of Albrecht Durer's engravings, half-starved beasts looking as if they had every breed in the world in their ancestry with sheep dog and borzoi predominating.

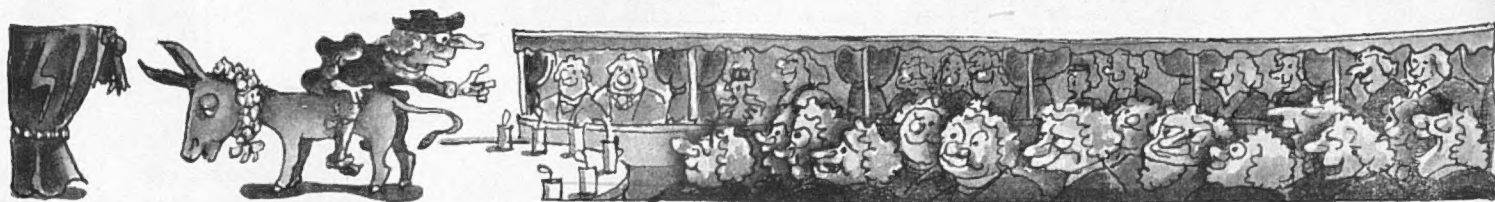
"They were perfect for conveying the impression of disorder and decay. At the first performance, I remember, a donkey ran amok and cavorted amongst the snarling pack, making a picture which was enormously dramatic and which we could never repeat."

A scene (as Oliver March would say) at once entrancing to the eye and stimulating to the imagination.

As our Mr. Cochran told it, this was undoubtedly the case. It was sufficient to lead my mind, for a moment, away from Northcliffe to a memory of Joe Haines, that celebrated late seventeenth-century comedian, rake and wit, who was accustomed to deliver a speech from the back of a donkey on the stage.

Monster

WHAT a monster this man was! He was of modest parentage but nevertheless studied at Oxford, to which seat of learning he was sent by a gentleman of the day who was impressed by his talents as displayed in a school in St. Martin's Lane. At Oxford he became acquainted with a Sir Joseph Wilkinson who, when appointed Secretary of State, made Joe his Latin secretary. This was an error of judgment, for Joe was incapable of keeping the high secrets with which he was entrusted. He was fired, and thereupon found his true vocation with the King's company of actors at Drury Lane. His success was immediate and great, the excellence of his acting and brilliancy of wit having the effect, in that dissolute era, of causing his society to be eagerly sought for by both men and women of high rank.



He went to Paris in the company of a noble lord, but soon tired of being shown off for the edification of his patron. He struck out for himself as a swindler and card-sharper, posing as Count Haines, gathering much gold—and a reputation which sent him headlong back to London and the stage. Inevitably and in no great space of time, Joe was being dunned by the bailiffs. Good as he was at eluding the attentions of these loathsome persons, two of them caught up with him in the street one day and arrested him for a debt of £20.

Security

AT that moment the Bishop of Ely rode by in his carriage. Joe said to the bailiffs, "Gentlemen, here is my cousin, the Bishop of Ely; let me but speak a word to him and he will pay the debt and costs." He thereupon waved to the bishop who ordered his carriage to stop (not knowing Joe for what he was) and had whispered in his ear, "My lord, here are a couple of poor waverers, who have such terrible scruples of conscience that I fear they will hang themselves." The bishop's eyebrows rose, as did his sense of duty. He called the two men over and said, "You two men, come to me tomorrow and I will satisfy you." And drove on. Joe walked on. The bailiffs walked on—in the opposite direction; but to appear on the morrow at the bishop's house. "Well, my good men, what are your scruples of conscience?" "Scruples?" said the bailiffs jointly and separately, "we have no scruples; we are bailiffs, my lord, who yesterday arrested your cousin, Joe Haines, for £20. Your lordship

promised to satisfy us today—and we hope you will be as good as your word."

What, pray, could the bold Bishop of Ely do but pay the debt (and costs) and thus prevent any further scandal to his name?

Joe, having swindled, cheated, and lied as was his wont, having written a play called *The Fatal Mistake* and *A Satire Against Brandy*, and having seen his great crony and fellow-actor, Mat Coppinger, hanged at Tyburn for an excursion into highway robbery, finally departed this world in 1701 at the age of fifty-three—all too soon, it seems, for the writer of these lines:

Lament, ye beaus and players, every one
The only champion of your cause is gone;
The stars are surly, and the fates unkind,
Joe Haines is dead, and left his ass behind.
Ah! cruel fate, our patience thus to try,
Must Haines depart, while asses multiply?

Interesting—and True

MR. COCHRAN speaking again: "Now this new boy Guétary: he is a discovery. My latest and I am not at all sure he is not my best. He has got it all. Face, figure, looks, charm, dancing ability, and personality. He can teach them all a lesson despite the fact that he's a Greek only just learning to speak English. Yesterday I said to the caste, 'When you get home tonight I beg of you to consider Mr. Guétary's diction and model yourself on it.' That is all very well for the run of the show, but Guétary won't last over here, he will be snatched by Hollywood as sure as I sit here thanking my lucky stars."

THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S



H.E. Dr. Don Ricardo de Labougle, the Argentine Ambassador

DISPATCHES composed in a pleasant, modestly furnished ambassador's study in Belgravia have a link with the British Sunday joint, for they go to the Foreign Office in Buenos Aires, capital of meat-producing Argentina. And no country exercises more influence over the mood of the average British household at weekends than does that led by General Juan D. Peron.

Argentina gave a 5d. ration to all Britons in the United Kingdom, and now sends us, under the recently signed agreement, eighty-three per cent of her exportable surplus of meat. Before the second World War she supplied half the beef consumed in these isles. Moreover, during the war she allotted to us all her exportable surplus of beef, lamb, and pork, an average of 600,000 tons yearly. In one twelve months the figure rose to 800,000 tons.

For sixty years the people known throughout the estuary of the Plate for courage have concentrated on perfecting the republic's major industry. Today Buenos Aires has not only two and a half million inhabitants, immense skyscrapers, cultural institutions, up-to-date hospitals and a celebrated opera house, but also the world's largest refrigeration plant. The need for it? In a recent year the inhabitants of a region nearly twelve times greater than the United Kingdom dispatched 4,231,000 head of cattle, 6,678,000 sheep and a million pigs.

HIS Excellency Senor Don Ricardo de Labougle, Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary at St. James's from Argentina, with its rich deposits of gold, tin, silver, copper, and richer yields of maize, wheat, and linseed, is one of the notable educationists and jurists in the republic. By twenty-one he had secured his doctorate at Buenos Aires for a thesis on petroleum legislation in Argentina.

Professor of civil law in the faculty of law at Buenos Aires, and later by competitive selection, holder of the same chair at La Plata, Dr. de Labougle has lacked political links in the past. He has been president of the national university at La Plata, adviser to the juvenile courts, a professor of geography and director of commercial companies.

But to the Argentine public he is best remembered for the results of a prolonged study of world trends and world defence published under the title, *University and National Defence*.

Precise speaking, chooser of the word that alone conveys his meaning, Dr. de Labougle is of slim build, medium height, and smiles slowly. He is rapidly making friends in the critical diplomatic colony for he lacks the professional envoy's shyness or instinctive awkwardness with fellow notables. The men and women who surround him to speak on serious affairs, listen with care to what he has to say. His judicially framed mind ensures a fair hearing and an intellectual's reply.

How many people outside London's diplomatic corps could say who is Mons. Konstantine Koukin?

Yet as frequently selected deputy to the Soviet Ambassador, acting Chargé d'Affaires at the Embassy in Kensington Palace Gardens, Koukin carries vast burdens on wide, massive shoulders. Unlike most senior and junior Soviet diplomatists in London, Koukin speaks English fluently, reads it with ease, and understands what is said. So many foreigners, whatever their rank, turn self-conscious when English is spoken swiftly, too swiftly for them, and say, "Yes" although half the sense of the phrase has escaped them.

Tall, grey-haired Koukin is one of the most handsome guests at receptions, but attends them infrequently, for he has long and continuous hours in the chancery. He laughs, not unlike the celebrated Ivan Maisky. I wish I could read the laugh.

Georg Bilainkin.



THE NEW VICEROY TAKES OFFICE

Rear-Admiral Viscount Mountbatten of Burma, wearing admiral's uniform, with Viscountess Mountbatten, leaving the Durbar Hall of the Viceroy's House, New Delhi, after being sworn in as Viceroy of India in succession to Field Marshal Viscount Wavell



SHOW GUIDE

Straight Plays

Jane (Aldwych). Comedy from Somerset Maugham's short story, with Yvonne Arnaud, Ronald Squire, Irene Brown and Charles Victor.

She Wanted a Cream Front Door (Apollo). Robertson Hare and Peter Haddon romp gaily through the intricacies of the divorce court.

The Man From the Ministry (Comedy). Very slick topical comedy with Clifford Mollison and Beryl Mason.

The Guinea Pig (Criterion). Humour and serious thought based on the Fleming Report on public schools. Excellent acting in a first-rate play.

The White Devil (Duchess). Robert Helpmann and Margaret Rawlings in a magnificently acted and produced revival of Webster's tragedy.

The Anonymous Lover (Duke of York's). Valerie Taylor, Hugh Sinclair and Ambrosine Phillpotts deal dexterously with some amusing marital mix-ups.

Born Yesterday (Garrick). Hartley Power and Yolande Donlan in Laurence Olivier's production of this fast-moving American comedy.

The Eagle Has Two Heads (Globe). Jean Cocteau's drama with magnificent performances by Eileen Herlie as the queen of a remote country, and James Donald as her lover. This is theatre in the grand style.

Present Laughter (Haymarket). Revival of Noel Coward's sparkling satirical comedy for a twelve-weeks' season, with Noel Coward and Joyce Carey in their original parts.

The Winslow Boy (Lyric). Terence Rattigan's fine play on the Archer-Shee case with Angela Baddeley, Frank Cellier and Emlyn Williams.

The Old Vic Theatre Company (New) in *Cyrano de Bergerac*, and *The Alchemist*, with Sir Ralph Richardson, Nicolas Hanne, Margaret Leighton, Joyce Redman, and Alec Guinness.

Othello and Candida (Piccadilly). Jack Hawkins, Fay Compton, Anthony Quayle and Morland Graham with an excellent company in a revival of these two famous plays.

The Animal Kingdom (Playhouse). Elizabeth Allan, Frank Lawton, Renée Asherson, and Niall MacGinnis moralize on marriage versus Bohemian life.

Peace Comes to Peckham (Princes). R. F. Delderfield's new comedy deals with the impact on Peckham of two returned evacuees from America. Most ably acted by Bertha Belmore, Leslie Dwyer and an enthusiastic cast.

Donald Wolfit's Shakespeare Season (Savoy), with Jonson's *Volpone*. Donald Wolfit, Frederick Valk, Richard Goolden, and Rosalind Iden.

The Shop at Sly Corner (St. Martin's). Arthur Young and Victoria Hopper in a thriller with an unusual ending.

Fifty-Fifty (Strand). A farce about a factory run by the workers in the form of the House of Commons, with Harry Green and Frank Pettingel.

Now Barabbas (Vaudeville). Brilliant acting in this moving and original play about prison life.

No Room At The Inn (Winter Garden). Freda Jackson as a sadistic woman in charge of evacuees. Powerful acting in a powerful play.

Clutterbuck (Wyndham's). Basil Radford, Naunton Wayne, Patricia Burke and Constance Cummings on a cruise which ends in amusing complications.

With Music

Sweetest and Lowest (Ambassadors). Hermione Gingold, Henry Kendall, deliciously malicious as ever.

The Dancing Years (Casino). Ivor Novello's famous musical romance revived with Barry Sinclair as the Viennese composer. A colourful production, and the evergreen music of this piece makes it as pleasant entertainment as ever.

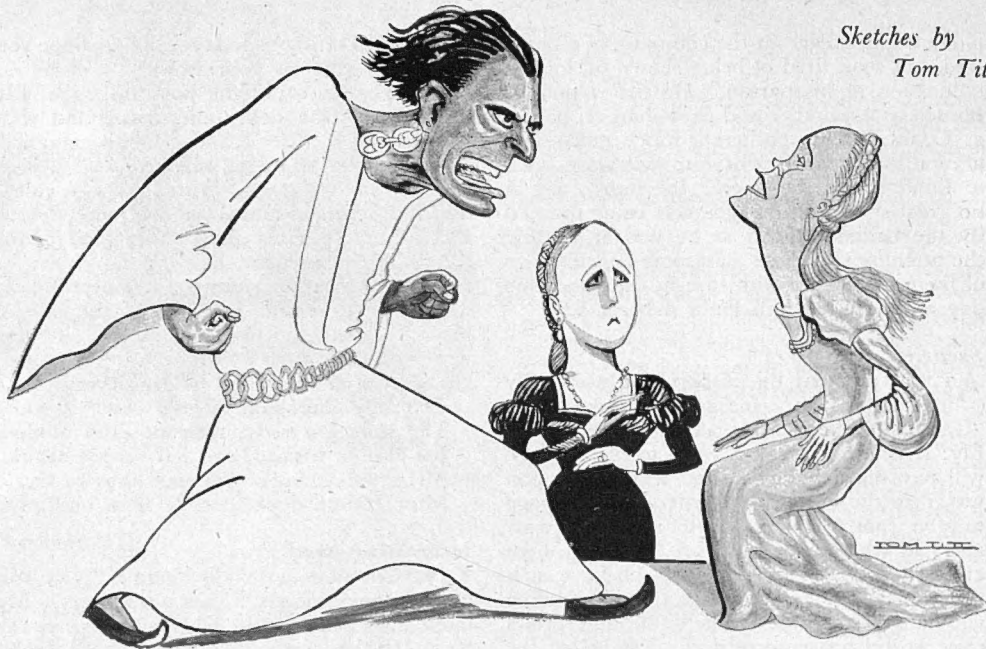
Perchance to Dream (Hippodrome). Music and romance in the Novello manner with Ivor Novello and Roma Beaumont.

Romany Love (His Majesty's). Melville Cooper and Helena Bliss from America are the leading singers in this most pleasing operatic comedy in the grand tradition.

Song of Norway (Palace). Operatic version of the life of Grieg. Music, spectacle and ballet and some fine singing.

Under the Counter (Phoenix). Cicely Courtneidge blithely dealing in the Black Market, ably assisted by Cyril Raymond and Thorley Walters.

Piccadilly Hayride (Prince of Wales). Sid Field in person at the top of a great supporting cast.



Sketches by
Tom Titt

The Courageous Moor (Jack Hawkins), whose Achilles heel is jealousy, Emilia (Fay Compton) wife of Iago who is faithful to her mistress even unto death, and Desdemona (Elizabeth Kentish) the ever-loving wife who suffers death from the hands of her tortured husband

At the "Othello" and



THEATRICAL exports are not like whisky and other irretrievably fugacious goods lost to this country; and these two productions, after touring Europe, return to us matured. In maturing they have not, of course, acquired virtues which were never in them, but all that they have show to fullest advantage.

If good acting of itself could do the trick, Mr. Jack Hawkins would be an excellent Othello. A performance that is always picturesque and romantic, carefully studied and supported throughout by a fine sensibility to stage effect in words and situations, still stops short of what is required. It stops short of the poetry and so of the pathos that belongs to the child in spirit moving with honest eyes and fatally hot black blood to the utter disaster which Iago has prepared.

Without the music Othello's passion appears to be constantly held in check, no matter how well an actor may suit the action to the word, and without the full swell of passion a spectacle which should thrill the nerves and shake the heart inevitably loses its force. This happens on the present occasion; yet Mr. Hawkins may fairly be said to dignify failure with consistently good acting, and his performance is always worth watching.

THE most distinguished work in the revival comes from Mr. Anthony Quayle, whose Iago is not the Machiavellian philosopher of tradition, "plotting the ruin of his friends," according to Hazlitt's reading, "as an exercise for his ingenuity and stabbing men in the dark to prevent ennui," but an embittered N.C.O. using a peasant cunning and the instinctive cruelty of an uncouth nature to set down his superiors.

This original reading is admirably sustained and suits the play remarkably well. Miss Fay

The Sinister Iago (Anthony Quayle), pander and knave incarnate, a subile-minded ruffian who can sow poison like seed into a man's soul

BACKSTAGE



DONALD WOLFIT, who has opened his season at the Savoy with *Volpone*, tells me that the Ben Jonson play was the most popular draw during his recent season in New York. "The American playgoer," he said, "seems to prefer comedy and has little liking for tragedy. *The Merchant of Venice* was popular, too, for strange to say it hadn't been played on Broadway for nearly twenty years."

I am sorry to learn that Wolfit noted a distinctly anti-British note in the Press. He was the subject of ill-natured notices just as was James Mason more recently but these did not reflect the views of the public from whom he received cordial support. "There was such enthusiasm," he told me, "that it was just like playing to a Forces audience. It has certainly encouraged me to accept Lee Shubert's invitation to play another season next spring."

In Canada Wolfit had similar success. Playgoers in such cities as Ottawa and Toronto, he says, have had to depend too much on American companies or upon the amateur movement, which is very extensive and has largely helped to keep the drama alive.

THE Crazy Gang show *Together Again*, which opens at the Victoria Palace tomorrow, promises to be a real carnival of foolery, for Nervo and Knox and Naughton and Gold are in it as well as Bud Flanagan who, no longer partnered by Chesney Allen, will be consoled by the presence in the cast of his son Buddie. Lauri Lupino Lane, son of another comedian, is also in the company.

IN William Douglas Home's moving play of prison life, *Now Barabbas* at the Vaudeville, twenty-four years old Owen Holder, London-born actor, has his first West End chance. His performance as the Cockney "spiv" has been highly praised by the critics and has caught the eye of film talent scouts.

Holder is the antithesis of the character in real life, and on the stage has hitherto played light comedy and emotional roles. With the Wilson Barrett company he made a great success as Oswald in *Ghosts* and recently he distinguished himself as Romeo in repertory at York.

Holder's father died when he was seven and he was educated at an orphan school where he staged concerts and shows at every opportunity. Leaving school he went into a publisher's office, tried his hand at commercial art, worked as a dermatologist but decided that it was the theatre or nothing. He got a job as assistant stage manager for a Bristol pantomime in 1938, and apart from war service, has been in the theatre ever since.

WHEN he takes over the direction of the Arts Theatre at the end of the month Norman Marshall will concentrate on the production of contemporary plays, which will be a reversal of policy, for under Alec Clunes the Arts tended to specialize in the revival of the classics.

Marshall, who notably directed the Gate Theatre for six years, has chosen François Mauriac's *Less Than Kind* for his first production. Mauriac is one of the leading lights among the intellectuals of the French theatre, and the play has been in the repertory of the Comédie Française since 1945. The second production will be Reginald Beckwith's *Boys in Brown*, a drama of Borstal life originally produced at the Gate in 1940 and now revised and brought up to date.

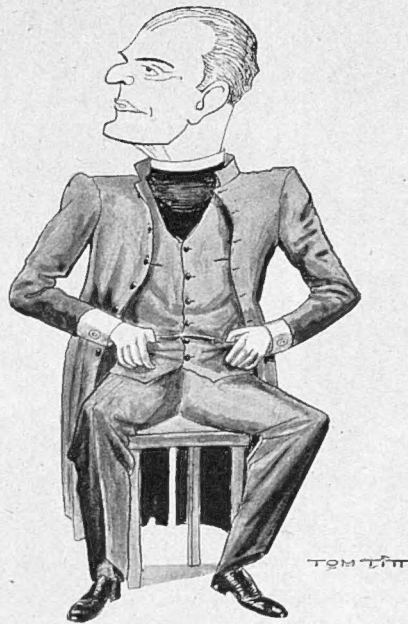
So much is heard about the differences and jealousies between rival ballet companies that it is pleasant to record an instance of the opposite kind.

Hearing that the Anglo-Polish Ballet were in difficulties over the shortage of male dancers the Sadler's Wells company made a generous gesture in "loaning" Leo Kersley to the Poles for their season at the Saville. Kersley, good athlete and versatile performer, quickly adapted himself to the Polish technique, dancing the native folk-dances as to the manner born.

Beaumont Kent



Eugene Marchbanks (Geoffrey Keen), the intense young poet of "Candida," finds it impossible to keep his feet on the ground when he gets excited, but the Rev. James Morell (Jack Hawkins) regards such antics with inward mistrust



Theatre

"Candida" (Piccadilly)

Compton has no difficulty in presenting Emilia as the kind of woman who would cynically humour such a husband without realizing until too late that she was humouring a monster. Miss Elizabeth Kentish lends Desdemona fresh and flower-like grace.

THE company is happier as a whole in *Candida*. Here Mr. Shaw is at the top of his satirical form, flaying alive the strenuous and effective parson whose curates, secretaries and congregations adore him as a strong and kindly and even humorous force for good. Only at the very top of his form could Mr. Shaw have allowed a victim so many indisputable virtues, and still have revealed him with complete plausibility as a windbag and a parasite.

Mr. Hawkins plays the Rev. James Mavor Morell delightfully, suggesting all that is bracing and reassuring about this master of "the gift of the gab," and realizing the bewilderment and horror felt by the man himself when Candida chooses to remain his wife instead of running away with the poet, because her duty is to the weakling. He might, I think, give Morell a somewhat sharper initial confidence in his own invulnerability, but that is as it may be: the performance is sufficiently enjoyable.

MR. GEOFFREY KEEN is surprisingly good as Marchbanks, the weakest of the characters, and Miss Fay Compton speaks—how beautifully and how authoritatively!—for the maternal Candida. The three others—the corrupt contractor, the curate and the secretary—are less happily played. Burgess should have more solidity than Mr. Morland Graham gives him, and the other two ask for slight touches of fantasmagoria which need not become clowning.

ANTHONY COOKMAN



Reconciliation. Candida (Fay Compton), comforts her husband James (Jack Hawkins), when his pride is humbled and he sees himself for the first time

JAMES AGATE

At The Pictures

En Provence



H. B. Warner as the guilt-stricken apothecary in "It's a Wonderful Life"

I AM not, do not pretend, and shall make no attempt to be an unbiased judge of *La Fille du Puisatier*, the exquisite picture now showing at the Rialto. The plot, if you can call it a plot, takes place *en pleine Crau*, in other words, in the gritty countryside of which Salon is the centre. And Salon is the market town of all this film's villagers.

It was at Salon as a hay-buying officer in what was then called the A.S.C. that I spent

the years 1915 to 1918. Now there is nothing to do about hay except press it, put it on a railway truck, dispatch it, and then account for it. The last is not so easy, in view of the fact that the hay is bought from farmers who speak only Provençal, pressed by itinerant Spaniards and checked and dispatched by British Tommies who don't know any word of any language under the sun, including their own. (Settling-up day was like the Tower of Babel let loose.) And when finally the train curls out of sight, why then there is nothing left but to wait for some more hay to grow.

It was during those intervals that at a little marble-topped table outside Salon's principal café, with the soft buzz of the Provençal tongue all around me, I wrote my first book. I made friends with the farmers and as far as possible lived their life. I requisitioned their hay at ten francs a hundred kilos when they could have sold it in the open market at fourteen francs, and they still received me with open arms. I knew the Raimus who owned the little farms and the Fernandels who came home on leave. I knew their women folk, their buxom, loud-voiced, hospitable wives, their shy and pretty daughters. I knew their animals, the life of their farmyards, and even the way back to quarters after the supper at which there would be roast chicken with sliced truffles as big as half-crowns swimming about in the gravy. I think of all the little wines they would uncork in my honour and, when it came to winter time, the smell of the wood fire and the charm which I have no need to recapture since it is with me still.

As I sat in the more than comfortable Rialto I found the little picture fading and other Provençal scenes substituting themselves on the screen. It is now the witching hour of the siesta; the waiters from two rival hotels forgather at a neutral café to talk over their clients and smoke a rank cigar. A great peace

broods over the sunlit square. A dog, finding the golden pavement too hot, crosses to the violet shade. There is no other movement.

From far away down the absurdly narrow and crooked street leading to the station, the source of all our news of the outer world, comes the faint rumble of a ramshackle fly. An elegant phaeton in the days of the First Empire, this broken-down ruin makes a stately tour of the square stopping finally before my hotel. I gaze idly at the single figure which is its occupant. The lady, preparing to descend, throws back her long blue veil. Then to my indescribable astonishment and unutterable delight from the carriage descends . . . RÉJANE! I rub my eyes, but there is no mistaking the buoyant walk, the careless, insolent carriage.

THE next vision is that of a mill perched on a tiny eminence. The landscape, dusty scrub, and stunted almond-tree, spreads to the steel-blue Rhône. The distant hills are blue, too, but it is blue without hesitation, the turquoise and sapphire of an opera-singer's jewels. The roads, which in a less logical country would be winding their way to the heart of some mystery, gleam here like the streamers of a *prima donna's* bouquet. Of haze and middle distance, doubt and surmise, nothing; the horizon is as well defined as a saucer's rim. The sun dipping below this rim will plunge the world into brilliant obscurity, into night without languor.

There is too much that is uncompromising in the glory of the Provençal day. Even though it rain, which is unthinkable, the country will but blossom into purple and red like the heart of Maud's lover. Only it will be the purple and red of the peasant's immemorial umbrella, the peacock sheen, the unreasonable iridescence of village panoplies. At sundown all living things go to a concerted rest with the precision of an orchestra: the day's piece is played. From this decided country twilight has been banished, day surrendering to night without parley. On the mill itself is an inscription in gold letters on a mauve tablet. Whose mill then is, or was, this? That of Alphonse Daudet.

LAST, I see an officer marooned in a broken-down motor car whose chauffeur has gone for help. He is in the thick of the Camargue, a plain as flat as a dinner-plate, and apparently the only living soul for miles. But what are these approaching? Living bodies if not souls.



Raimu, the unforgettable, as he appears in "The Well-digger's Daughter" ("La Fille du Puisatier") at the Rialto



Director Frank Capra whose first picture made since his return from war service, "It's a Wonderful Life," is at the New Gallery. It stars James Stewart and Donna Reed, and with rich invention and fantasy points the moral that the search for romance may often end at a man's (or woman's) own doorstep

Twenty, forty, sixty of them, four-legged things with horns and tails. Now they approach the car which, fortunately, is closed against the heat. They sniff, and the officer inside shams dead. He has suddenly remembered that the chief industry of the Camargue is the raising of bulls for the Spanish bull ring. How his heart stands up to the test he does not know. Presently a little girl, aged fourteen, appears on the horizon, and with the remains of an umbrella begins to batter at the nearest flanks. "Allez! Allez! A la ferme," she cries. To the officer in the car she says, "N'ayez pas peur, mon capitaine. Ils sont très doux."

WHAT would the reader, bringing me down to earth, have me say of two great actors? Of Fernandel, who is the English George Formby with oodles and lashings of French genius? And what of Raimu? What, indeed! I think of an evening last September when, at Cannes, I found myself in a little café where a furious *bagarre* suddenly started. Somebody had said that any Frenchman who had allowed himself to be confined at Buchenwald was "un lâche." Note now that among the drinkers in the bar there were two ex-prisoners from Buchenwald, that there was only one exit, and that the argument, if that is the word, was taking place in the one and only doorway. Things were beginning to look ugly when the barman rapped on the counter and said: "M'dames et M'sieurs, j'ai une triste nouvelle à vous annoncer. Raimu est mort ce soir." And at once the quarrel was submerged in the general grief. Here I bethink me of Hamilton on the death of Dr. Johnson, and I say: "Raimu is dead. Let us go to the next best:—there is nobody; no man can be said to put you in mind of Raimu."



Anna Neagle, who has made highly successful films in both London and Hollywood



Britain's leading feminine film-star, Margaret Lockwood, was escorted by Mr. Keith Dobson



Googie Withers, who has just finished filming "The Loves of Joanna Godden"



The Hon. Frederick and Mrs. Leathers, Mr. Leathers is son and heir of Lord Leathers



Miss Christine Norden and Maxwell Reed, who has a leading role in "The Brothers"



Hazel Court, whose latest film was "Meet Me at Dawn"



Producer Michael Powell and Miss Kathleen Byron



Over here from America: Paulette Goddard



Gladys Calthrop, the well-known theatrical designer, arriving with Noel Coward



Jessie Matthews, who received a great welcome



Oriol Lady Poulett with Clifford Bax



Greta Gynt, the Norwegian-born film actress



Lord Aberdare and his younger daughter, the Hon. Rosalind Bruce



Mrs. Gordon Howard and Mrs. "Jock" Hutchison in the foyer

PREMIERE OF "THE OTHER LOVE" AT THE EMPIRE, LEICESTER SQUARE



Lt. Denis Meredith Clayton, Miss Jennifer Bland, Lt. N. A. Tunnicliffe, Miss Anne Burman and Mr. C. J. Slade at the second Queen Charlotte's Ball held at Grosvenor House



Miss Gillian Melville, Mr. Philip Ward, Miss Gillian White, Mr. William Young and Mr. Christopher Methuen-Campbell

YOUTH AND GAIETY AT THE QUEEN CHARLOTTE'S BALL



Mr. Peter Lord and Miss Rachel Aylmer were two of the guests



Major D. S. Scull and Miss Margaret Cripps at the supper table



Mr. Alexander Beattie, Miss Raine McCorquodale and Lord Monteagle



Dorothy Wilding

Miss Raine McCorquodale, one of the loveliest of this season's debutantes, was an outstanding figure at the ball, wearing this charming dress copied from one designed for the Empress Eugénie



Mr. Michael Shorne, Miss M. Mallett,
Capt. Whitwell, Miss Christiane (Minou)
Floor and S/Ldr. Nigel Marix



Miss Frere, the Hon. Mrs. S. R. Allsop, Miss J.
Allsop and Mr. S. R. Allsop at the ball, which was
held at Shorigrove, Newport, Essex



Mrs. F. Westmacott, Mr. Charles Harding and Miss
Edith Soames, cousin of Capt. C. Soames, who recently
married Miss Mary Churchill

THE PUCKERIDGE HUNT BALL



Mrs. Baer, Capt. Lake and
Mr. Dykes Bower



Miss G. Harland and Mr. M. Escombe,
two more of the guests



Mr. John Harrison, Miss Julia Cotter and
Mr. Antony Clery



Mr. and Mrs. Errington and
Mrs. Collenette



Mr. R. E. L. Beddington,
Mrs. Barbor and Dr. Barbor



Mr. Corbett Woodall, Miss Sarah Worthington-Evans, Lt. David
Higham and Miss Joan Chad



Lord and Lady Braybrooke, who came over from Saffron
Walden for the ball

Janifer writes

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

AT THE GRAND NATIONAL

A SCOTTISH WEDDING

AINTREE was Aintree again. This year the big race was switched to be run on the last day of the meeting, to comply with the demands of the Government ban on mid-week sport. It was surprising in two ways: firstly, that so many of the fifty-seven starters completed the course; and secondly, the result, a 100-to-1 winner, who had run unplaced in his last three outings.

The race was definitely a triumph for Irish-trained horses. Not only did Ireland produce the easy winner, Caughoo, who is owned by Mr. James McDowell, who lives in Dublin, and was trained by his brother, Mr. Herbert McDowell, but Irish horses, Lough Conn and the gallant favourite, Prince Regent, also filled the second and fourth places, with the French-bred horse, Kami, ridden by that very good amateur, Mr. Johnny Hislop, third.

This, once again, shows how hard it is for our horses, fed on their moderate rations, often of very inferior quality, to compete against the much better-fed horses from across the water. In spite of the winner being an outsider, it was a very popular win; there was terrific cheering, especially from the large Irish contingent over to see the race, as Miss Mary McDowell led in her brother's easy winner. Before the race the parade-ring was so crowded with the fifty-seven runners that at times the horses were walking around two abreast.

Among those I noticed watching their horses were Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Rank, whose stout-hearted Prince Regent was unable to carry the great weight allotted to him to victory, and ran once again a magnificent race in that heavy going to finish fourth. Mr. Rank had won Becher's 'Chase the previous day with Keep Faith, also trained in Ireland. Mrs. Keith Cameron was looking attractive in green, watching her good old horse Schubert, who is such a sure jumper and again completed the course. Miss Dorothy Paget, in her favourite blue coat, was there to see her two runners, Housewarmer and the grey Kilnaglorry, who finished sixth and eighth respectively. The Hon. Mrs. Derek Jackson, in brown, was there to see her husband get up on his horse Tulyra, which ran very well but fell five fences from home. Mr. Frankie More O'Ferrall was accompanied by his very pretty wife, who before her marriage in February was Miss Angela Jackson, to watch Luan Casca.

It was raining quite hard when the fifty-seven horses lined up, packed like sardines, one or two preferring to keep just behind the others for the start. They were soon off, and then after jumping a couple of fences were lost to view in the mist, and when they reappeared, to everyone's amazement more than half the field were still standing. Past the stands the first time, and then off again into the mist, until we saw them come round the bend into the straight for the last time, Caughoo well in the lead already, to come on past the winning-post an easy winner. Mr. Topham is to be congratulated on the splendid work he and his staff had done to get the course in a fit state to race on, after weeks of snow and floods. Once again every facility was provided for the thousands of racegoers to see the racing, to say nothing of the very adequate arrangements for lunch and tea, and the lovely flowers bedded-out in the paddock.

EVERYONE was sad not to see the Earl of Derby at the meeting, but there were many members of his family and friends in the Knowsley box. The Countess of Derby, very neat in navy blue, was there with her granddaughters, Miss Priscilla Bullock, whose wedding was fixed to take place in Liverpool Cathedral on April 9th, and Lady Irwin, and on National Day Lady Derby had her two little great-granddaughters, the Hon. Caroline and the Hon. Susan Wood, dressed in coats and hats of duck-egg blue, with her. They were thrilled watching the race and afterwards sat down to tea in the private dining-room at the back of the box. Others I saw in the Earl and Countess of Derby's box during the meeting were their daughter-in-law, Lady Stanley, in navy blue; the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk—the Duchess on the second day wore a striking long coat of royal blue with a hat to match, trimmed with a halo of ostrich feathers; Lord Stanley and Sir Humphrey de Trafford.

The Russian flag, I was told, was flying over the Earl and Countess of Sefton's box (though I did not see it myself) in honour of their guests from the U.S.S.R., members of the Supreme Soviet visiting this country, who included Col.-Gen. Mikhail Gromov, a fine horseman, who took a great interest in the race. Other guests in this box included Mr. and Mrs. Gregson, who

are Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of Liverpool this year. The young Duchess of Westminster, neat in navy blue one day and a sensible black mackintosh over her suit on National Day, was entertaining friends with the Duke and his elder daughter, Lady Ursula Vernon, in their very spacious box.

AMONG those I saw at the meeting was the Countess of Feversham, looking nice in brown, as was the Countess of Normanton, who was escorted by her husband. Lord Willoughby de Broke was talking to Sir William Cooke. The Hon. Robert Cecil, with his lovely wife, who was wearing navy blue, I saw chatting to a group of friends including Mr. and Mrs. Peter Miller Munday and Lady Sykes; Mrs. Tony Bellville, with her daughter Belinda, was talking to Mr. Peter Cazalet; Mrs. Bobby Petre, very attractive in green, was just back from Austria, where she had been visiting her sister and brother-in-law, who are stationed there. Lady Willoughby de Broke, in brown, was in the paddock with Mr. Tom Blackwell, who has now settled into his new home near Newmarket. Mr. Robert Coe, of the American Embassy, was discussing form with Mr. Jack Thursby. Mr. Peter and Lady Elizabeth Oldfield were both delighted when his horse Travers won the last race on the Friday; as the horse passed the winning-post Mr. Oldfield gave a wonderful View-holloa! Mr. and Mrs. Darby Rogers, the latter looking charming in navy blue, were both over for the meeting and delighted when Desert Drive, which Mr. Rogers trains for Mr. G. Y. Kinnaird, won the Union Jack Stakes. Mrs. Antony Warre looked very smart in a long yellow coat and brown hat with pheasant feathers. Mrs. Stephen Eve was accompanied by her husband, who was on leave from Germany; she was hoping to see her father's Prince Regent win the National.

Others there included Mr. Hector and Lady Jean Christie, the Hon. Philip and Mrs. Kindersley, Lord and Lady Grimthorpe, the latter very smart in navy blue; Brig. and Mrs. Jack Speed, and her daughter, Mrs. Leyland, with her husband; Mrs. Robin McAlpine, also in blue; Miss Mary Emmet, the Hon. Henry and Mrs. Tufton, Mr. Tommy Clyde, the Hon. "Jakey" Astor, Mrs. Scratchley, Lady Throckmorton,



The side-shows were very popular. Miss Joan Kirkley and Mr. Jeffrey Loyd are seen trying their luck at the hoop-la stand



Lord Avebury helping to run the stand, which offered substantial prizes! Lady Avebury was chairman of the Ball Committee

The Children's Friendship and

Mrs. Walter Whigham, Major and Mrs. Noel Furlong, the Marquess and Marchioness of Kildare, whom I saw arriving in a large green car; Major and Mrs. Carlos Clarke, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Jim Windsor-Lewis, Lord and Lady Stavordale, the latter looking nice in mushroom-pink tweeds; Lady Elizabeth Cavendish and her sister Anne, Lord Morris, Earl and Countess Fitzwilliam, Mrs. Fulke Walwyn, Lady Lettice Ashley-Cooper, Major and Mrs. Peter Herbert, Mrs. John Hislop, in a charming purple suit, Mr. and Mrs. Pat Grey, Mr. and Mrs. James Hanbury, Mrs. Luke Lillingston, Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Mills, Major and Mrs. Bertie Bankier, the Hon. Freddie Cripps, Major and Mrs. Geoffrey Harbord, Mr. and Mrs. Dennistoun, Col. Fred Halse, Mr. and Mrs. Christopher White, Major Dermot Daly, Mr. and Mrs. Guy Morton, Lady Jane Nelson and her sister, Lady Mary-Rose Williams, in red, and the Countess Cadogan.

The Adelphi was as crowded as usual for this meeting, with many owners staying there, including Miss Dorothy Paget, Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Rank, Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke, Mr. and Mrs. John Morant, Col. Halse and Mr. and Mrs. Robin McAlpine; but it was a very quiet National night, as so many people had left for home after the big race, and there was no big party given by the winning owners, as they had made all arrangements to travel back to Ireland on the night boat, but there was great cheering in the ballroom as Miss Mary McDowell and her brother came in for a short while to join friends during the evening.

MISS APRIL WATSON made a most attractive bride when she married Mr. Jon Alexander Dannreuther, son of Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Dannreuther, in the Cathedral Church of St. Mary, Edinburgh, recently. The chancel steps of this lovely Cathedral were massed with white Harrissi lilies and white lilac. The bride, who is the granddaughter of the late Lord Watson of Thankerton, was given away by her father, the Hon. Ronald Watson, and wore a wedding-dress of parchment satin with a long tulle veil, which was held in place by a coronet of orange-blossom, and she carried a sheaf of lilies. There was one grown-up bridesmaid, Miss Pamela Bowhill, who wore a short parchment velvet cape over her dress. There were four little children in the bridal retinue: the bride's niece, Lady Susanna Montgomerie; her nephew, Charles Watson, and Victoria Usher and Martin Haldane, dressed in Kate Greenaway dresses and suits in the same parchment satin as the bride.

Among those at the wedding were the bride's mother, the Hon. Mrs. Ronald Watson, the bride's brother-in-law and sister, the Earl and Countess of Eglinton and Winton, the latter in black with a turquoise-blue ostrich feather on her hat, with their small son, Lord Montgomerie, who was very proud of his new kilt.

At the reception, where the bride and bridegroom received the guests in front of a

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background of spring flowers, daffodils, mimosa, tulips and white lilac, I saw the bride's uncle and aunt, the Hon. Adam and Mrs. Watson; Maud Viscountess Younger of Leckie, Lady Dalrymple-Hamilton, whose husband is Naval Commander-in-Chief in Scotland; Admiral and Mrs. Mackintosh of Mackintosh, Mr. George and Lady Betty Hay-Drummond, Lady Boothby, mother of Mr. Robert Boothby, M.P., Lady Cecilia Fitzroy and Lady Stopford, whose husband, the very popular Gen. Sir Montagu Stopford, has just returned from the Far East, where he was Commander-in-Chief, Allied Forces, Netherlands East Indies.

THE Countess Beauchamp held her first committee meeting recently for the Dockland Settlement Ball to be held at the Dorchester on April 23rd. The Danish-born wife of Earl Beauchamp carried out her duties as chairman in the most businesslike way, and the ball ought to be a really enjoyable evening and, we hope, a great financial success for that great cause, the Dockland Settlement.

At the meeting buying tickets were Lady Claud Hamilton, Lady Bennet, Mrs. MacIndoe, Mrs. Lilley, who contributed generously to the fund, the Hon. Mrs. Brooke, Mrs. Marriott, and Lady Shakespeare, who told me her son, Major Nigel Fisher, had been adopted as Conservative candidate for a constituency in Hertfordshire.

ANOTHER committee meeting I went to was the one held by Viscountess Jowitt, the chairman of the Royal and Merchant Navy Ball in aid of the King George's Fund for Sailors, to be held at the Dorchester on May 7th. This took place in the lovely flat at the top of the House of Lords which the Lord Chancellor and his wife occupy (they have sold their house in Kent and given up their London house).

At the chairman's table with Lady Jowitt were Mrs. Attlee, Mrs. A. V. Alexander, Mrs. Cedric Holland and Admiral of the Fleet Lord Chatfield, who made a very good speech, telling the members of the committee how much money was needed each year to meet the demands on the King George's Fund for Sailors. Lady Jowitt announced that H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent has graciously consented to be present at the ball.

Among those at the meeting who have already taken tickets were young Lady Dangan, Lady Collins, Miss Patricia Bailey, Lady Graham Cunningham, Mrs. Walter Whigham, Lady Hickson, Lady Plender, Mrs. John Donaldson Hudson, Mrs. Haesler, Lady Currie, Lady Cross, Lady Strabolgi and Countess Howe.

Lady Ironside promised to give two dozen eggs for the stall at the ball, for which many members were promising gifts. Any contributions, incidentally, will be very welcome.

I am sure it will be a really enjoyable ball and, like last year, the tickets will soon be sold out, so it is advisable to get them early, as May 7th will soon be here.



Captain Michael Akroyd, Miss Petronella Elliot and Lady Paston-Bedingfeld at the "fishing" side-show



Miss Philippa Ford and Captain Dick Kingzett were among the many guests at this enjoyable ball

Gifts Association Ball, Held at Claridge's



Miss Rosamond Blunt and Major Ian Whitworth sitting out between dances



Mrs. Donald Sinclair and Major M. D. Lindon watching the dancing from their table



Captain Michael Turner-Bridger buys a programme from Mrs. Peter Mosley-Leigh

THE HERTFORDSHIRE HOLD THEIR POINT-TO-POINT AT FRIARS WASH



Major Leigh Stedall and the Hon. Mr. Justice Pilcher, owner-rider of Vagrant, after he had finished second in the Bar (Pegasus Club) race



Major S. G. R. Barratt, Master of the Old Berkeley (East), and Colonel Malcolm Cumming



Mr. J. F. Tooley, Miss V. M. Gosling and Mr. A. H. Gosling



Mr. N. N. Capon, Mr. L. Weaver and Miss D. M. James



Mrs. Derick Doyne Dumas, Mrs. Anthony Phipps and Miss D. Thorp



Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Sharp photographed in the paddock



Mr. G. Russell Vick, K.C., Mr. Royde Barker, Miss J. Russell Vick, and her brother, Mr. C. C. Russell Vick



Miss B. Lynskey, the Hon. Mr. Justice Sellers and Lady Sellers



Mrs. Frank Harvey, Miss Norman Routledge and Mr. R. Travers



Mr. C. P. Harvey, the owner-rider of Limestone, on which he won the Bar (Pegasus Club) race, unsaddling in the enclosure



The winner of the Adjacent Hunts Ladies' race was Mrs. Price (right), riding Mrs. S. Whites' Caesar, and second (left) Mr. W. Connolly's Killeston



A group on the stairs. Mr. Maurice Patton and Miss Joan Pike with (behind) Mrs. Patton, Colonel A. G. Cargill, head of the Hastings Police, and Mrs. Cargill



Miss Moira Bates, Lieut. Tony Armitage, Miss Ann Armitage, Miss Joanna Howell and Lieut. Andrew Johnson, R.N. The Ball was held at the Royal Victoria Hotel, St. Leonards

ROMNEY MARSH HARRIERS HUNT BALL



Mr. A. K. Holmes, Chairman of the Hunt, and Mrs. Holmes



Mr. F. Suren (Master) and Mrs. Suren with Major Leslie Chalk



Mr. R. Bartholomew and Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Allen, of Hawkhurst, Kent



A complicated—and hilarious—moment for a few of the 400 guests during a most successful evening



Lenore

The Hon. Mrs. Sherman Stonor, Wife of Lord Camoys' Heir, With Her Five Children

SELF-PROFILE

LIKE most people who were born in May 1913, my earliest recollections are naturally of the First World War. Of elder sisters in V.A.D. uniform, seen at infrequent intervals. Brief glimpses of weary officers home on leave. Memories of mother coming back each evening from her job at the War Office, and conversations overheard about "Zeps" and U-boats. Like our children, the same ever-present feeling of uncertainty and insecurity. Armistice Day remains vividly in my mind, owing to the fact that I was taken for a drive down Piccadilly in a taxi and allowed to wave a large Union Jack out of the window, and also to yell my head off! Then followed the Spanish 'flu epidemic, my mother (who also caught it) nursing me and my three sisters; my brother, luckily, being away at school at Stonyhurst. After spending some months in Constantinople with my father, who was Military Landing Officer there, we returned to England.

I was educated at home by my mother, and attended classes for music and dancing, and lectures at the School of Oriental Studies. The mornings were devoted to lessons at home, and the afternoons, when not taken up with classes and lectures, to visits to museums, picture galleries, Kenwood, Kew, Hampton Court, and other places of historical interest. When I was sixteen I completed a course of shorthand and typewriting. There is no doubt in my mind that if one lives in or near London, this is the ideal form of education for a girl. Naturally, if one lives in the country, it is not possible, and I think that the best way is to do lessons at home with a governess until twelve or thirteen years old, and then go to a convent as a boarder.

Whatever one's religious beliefs may be, I feel very strongly that the convent education is by far the best. The standard of education is extremely high, and there is excellent discipline, combined with great kindness. From what I have seen of the product of the average girls' school I have formed the opinion (rightly or wrongly) that they are invariably most undomesticated, ill-mannered and inconsiderate. Naturally, there are exceptions, and those who have strong enough characters come through it unscathed, but it would seem to me that it is in spite of the school, not because of it.

In 1930 I made my debut, and in the traditional manner was presented at Court by my mother. It was a sight which I think is impossible to forget. It has a pomp and ceremony which is extremely impressive, and the beauty of the surroundings combined with the gaily-coloured uniforms and dresses make a perfect picture. In the autumn of 1930 I took my first job, and worked until my marriage in 1938. I think I was never happier than during the time I worked for the late Sir Austen Chamberlain. I have never met a man who was more devoted to his family, or more unflinchingly unselfish in his service to his country. His daughter Diane, now Mrs. Terence Maxwell, has inherited many of his qualities, and has been for many years one of my greatest friends.

My job at Selfridges, in the advertising department, was one of great interest and fun. My chief, Mr. A. H. Williams, was a tower of strength. He was a superb organiser and blessed with an excellent sense of humour. After I had dispelled the idea that I was working for fun, and had convinced my colleagues that I was working for my living, they couldn't have been kinder or better friends.

EACH summer, during my fortnight's holiday, I nearly always went abroad, and I shall always love Spain better than any other foreign country, and I think that one of the things that I have missed most during the war is my annual visit there. After my marriage on July 14th, 1938, at the Oratory, we went on our honeymoon to France, Italy, Belgium and Luxembourg. We then returned to London, and after a few weeks into what was to be our home for seven years. It is a small house, Assenden Lodge, and is on my husband's estate. I had always wanted to live in the country, and I can think of no place that I would have been happier in than Oxfordshire.

The secret of a happy life is, I think, to live in the country, and to have, God willing, a large family, though I doubt whether our family of five would have been considered large by eighteenth-century standards. Our first child, Julia, was born in London in 1939; Thomas in 1940 at home; Georgina in 1941, and Harriet in 1943, also at home. Bobby was born in May 1946 at Stonor, ten months after our return to

what has been the home of the Stonors ever since the eleventh century.

In the summer of 1939 I was elected to the Henley Rural District Council, representing the parish of Pishill-with-Stonor. I feel most strongly that women should take their part in the work of local government, but only in those fields where their feminine knowledge can be put to the best use, including the provision of better facilities at the State schools for girls to learn to be good wives and mothers. It would seem lamentable that such things as sewing, cooking and housework and the care of children should have to be taught at school, but very few homes these days seem to provide girls with the necessary knowledge of such things.

I DO not believe in the equality of the sexes, except that as the man earns money for his wife and family, the wife should complete her side of the bargain by seeing to it that her husband and children are well looked after. That is one of the reasons why I do not approve of the wife continuing to go out to work after she is married. A home should be pretty nearly a full-time job, and what time there is over should be devoted to any hobbies a woman may have, and seeing to it that her appearance is as attractive as in the days before she married. It is a hard battle in these difficult days to remain even half as smart as before the war, but let your appearance moulder and then just see how your mental attitude to life deteriorates.

My hobbies are reading, music, cooking, jam-making and preserving. During the war and in the days of peace I have found how much it helps, when I have had no help with the children, and little domestic help, to be able to go to the store-cupboard and find preserved food ready to use.

FINALLY, I hope that our children will grow up into happy individuals, able to earn their own living, with the capacity to make good husbands and wives, with a love of the land, their home and their country, and a keen appreciation of the best in art and literature.

Jeane Stonor

Priscilla in Paris

Another "Immortal"

ELECTION to the Académie Française is the highest distinction that can be awarded to a French writer. The Académie consists of forty "Immortals." The dictionary informs us that an "immortal" is "imperishable" and "exempt from death," a doubtful advantage with which doctors and the inevitable course of events have a good deal to do. The third, and in this case correct, definition is: "never to be forgotten as a name, a poem, etc. . . ."

This is as may be, but at dull dinner-parties a hostess can always galvanise her guests into some semblance of conversational debate by asking her neighbour how many of the actual "Forty" he can name. If he is canny he will shake his head and grimace the sort of smile that means "I could if I would, but I won't!" Immediately a chorus of voices is sure to start off with a rush: "Paul Claudel . . . François Mauriac . . . André Maurois . . . Jules Romain . . ." Then the fools slow down and become angelic, they ponder a moment and add: "Léon Bérard . . . Edouard Hérriot." A longer pause ensues and if there is a barrister present, he will say "Maurice Garçon."

Omnivorous novel readers will chime in with "Pierre Benoit" and, if elderly, "Claude Farrère . . ." Someone may murmur: "Pétain" and there will be an awkward silence. A bright spirit suddenly remembers the Taraud brothers, which is rather a score as there are two of them. In less than a whisper someone says: "Abel Hermant" (who is behind bars) and Abel Bonnard (who has gone to earth somewhere in Germany). Unfortunate, mistaken Abels! Their parents should have named them "Cain." Then everybody starts talking together in a brave attempt to change the conversation. So much for Immortality.

STILL, fourteen out of forty is not so dusty as they say in Arnold Bennett's *Five Towns*. To-day there is a new *académicien* whose name is a household word. Marcel Pagnol, the playwright and film producer whose stage successes: *Marius* (played by those two great actors: Raimu and Pierre Fresnay), *Jazz* (created by Harry Baur), *Les Marchands de Gloire*, and *Topaze* (played by André Lefaur, but so essentially and so politically French that, in an English version it flopped in less than a week after the production, although it starred Delysia in her heyday) are only equalled by his films, *La Femme du Boulanger*, *Angèle*, and the screen versions of the plays just named.

His official reception *sous la coupole*, that took place this week, was a most brilliant affair. Never has that staid assembly seen such a gathering of film and stage stars. Pagnol looked extremely well in his gala dress-suit embroidered with green laurel leaves, his plumed cocked hat, dinky sword and romantic cape. The boys that he taught at the Lycée Condorcet where, in his early youth, he was professor of English, can hardly have recognised him, although he is still so youthful,

slim and dark of hair. *Tout Paris* was present, and a parterre of flowers was formed by his lady admirers' hats, while outside, where loud-speakers had been installed, on the Place de l'Institut, and stretching away on to the Pont des Arts, the crowd, under an undulating sea of umbrellas, stood patiently to hear his speech.

WE are disappointed to learn that Pierre Blanchard, who was to have created Marcel Pagnol's new translation of *Hamlet* at the Comédie Française, has resigned from that celebrated company. During the year that has elapsed since the signing of his contract no vehicle has been found for his début, and the rehearsals of *Hamlet* have not even started. Pamela Stirling, who would have been an acquisition, has left also. She was to have created André Puget's version of *Peter Pan* at Christmas, but, at the Français, the boy who never grew up has not even been born. All this is very sad.

However, we console ourselves with another kind of circus, and . . . Grock! After an absence of eight years that grand old clown is back at the Nouveau Cirque. The perfection of his "lovely nonsense"—to quote James Agate—enchants us so profoundly that for a blessed span of forty minutes we forget the drab, humourless world in which we are living and hug ourselves with joy as we watch his antics.

AND yet, Heaven knows that the evening at the circus meant heavy hearts for many of us. The recent death of a great writer, poet and journalist, René Bizet, left an empty seat to which our eyes turned sadly. He was such a wonderful friend as well as a brilliant writer. His novels, verses and short stories are the treasured companions of silent hours and, before the war, his editorship of *Candide* brought world fame to that publication. All the literary and artistic world of Paris attended the funeral that took place in the beautiful old church of St. Sulpice. After the ceremony, the coffin was placed in the crypt before it was taken to his country home near Avignon, where it was interred with the simple and moving rites of a rural church.

Voilà!

● Marcel Pagnol, who hails from Marseilles, has many admirers amongst the happy, boastful sons of the Sunny South. His recent election to the Académie Française has been welcomed with cheers in his home town and also, of course, without surprise.

"Look!" says Marius to his wife, as he points to a couple of U.S. members of the military police. "You see, they even wear his initials on their arm!"



Annabella, the famous film actress, steps from the train at the Gare St. Lazare complete with bouquet and mascot, on her first visit to Paris since 1944. After all her successes in the U.S.A., she is going to make a new French film



Daughter of Raimu, doyen of French actors, who died last autumn, Paulette Murairé has just married M. Dominic Nohaine, the son of Jaboune. Raimu's last film, "The Well-Digger's Daughter," in which he appears with Fernandel, is now showing in London





At Becher's Brook the first time round. Lough Conn leads, closely followed by Kilnaglory, Bricett, Gormanstown and Domino. Prince Regent is taking the jump on the right, followed by Luan Casca

RAIN COULD NOT SPOIL THE GRAND NATIONAL

An Eventful Race Despite Heavy Going and Bad Visibility



Major C. H. Blacker leaving the paddock on his horse September to ride in the Stanley Steeplechase, in which he was second



Mr. Jim Crewdson, who lives at Fairford, Gloucestershire, and has owned several good point-to-point horses, outside the weighing-in room



Miss Jane Whitelaw (Allerton, the very popular sportsman)



Sir William Cooke, the Yorkshire racing patron and former owner



Lady Throckmorton, wife of Sir Robert Throckmorton, the 11th baronet



Mrs. Peter Vaux and Mrs. Michael Moseley studying their programmes



Mrs. T. B. Barnes and Miss Sheila Barnes chatting in the paddock



Captain Tommy McDougal, the former trainer and well-known follower of hounds



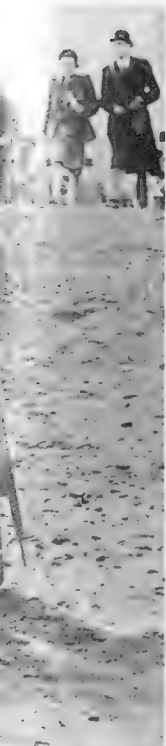
Mrs. Johnny Hislop, whose husband was third on Kami after a gallant race



Mrs. M. A. T. Johnson and Mrs. W. E. Johnson were two more keen racegoers



Earl Fitzwilliam (right), whose family has such a famous racing record in the North



and Lord Yorkshire



Lord Mildmay, who rode Watchit in the Stanley Steeplechase at Aintree, with Mr. Peter Cazalet, who trained it



Also in the paddock were the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk. The Duchess's horse Water Boy was third in the Earl of Sefton's Plate

D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

Standing By ...

To judge of the bashing France received in the late war, especially in Normandy and Alsace and Provence, on the Loire and on the Riviera, one need only turn the ever-fascinating pages of the latest *Guide Michelin*. "Two-thirds of town destroyed." "Three-parts destroyed." "Gravely damaged." "Practically wiped out." "On ne visite pas." Far more of the pleasant places have gone than one imagined, though, a recently-travelled chap tells us, the French are rebuilding with their usual cynical violence.

It being our hope to return for a brief space this year to the Gironde (François Mauriac's country), we were pleased to observe that the Lande has practically escaped and only a part of Bordeaux is destroyed; chiefly round the Bourse, which need only worry lovers of stock-brokers, a Girondin type Mauriac has left pointedly alone. Why do even romantic girl-novelists give those bustling boys a miss? Possibly because stockbrokers are all the same everywhere. Even in Budapest in the old gay days, a chap was telling us, gipsy orchestras gave (and probably give) the local Bourse boys that old-fashioned look blondes give them at 2 a.m. in Mayfair and on Broadway and in Oslo and Buenos Aires and all the world over. It's probably psychological.

Footnote

APPROPOS, gipsy readers of THE TATLER—hiya, chals!—will be glad to know that their annual international stamping ground, Les Saintes Maries-de-la-Mer (Provence), is only one-third damaged, though badly. Since the death of Lady Eleanor Smith nobody seems to be espousing the gipsies' cause in the West. We were approached ourselves recently by an emissary from the fierce Netosi tribe of Moldavia. He said, raising his bowler hat: "What are your Romany contacts?" We replied that we used to know a chap whose first cousin played regularly for I Zingari. He then spat, picked up his brief-case, and left.

Loot

BY meekly returning some notable Buddhist relics to India recently the Victoria and Albert Museum boys raised a thorny problem indeed, since every national museum is chockful of loot of some sort, as everybody knows. Ask a Greek about the Elgin Marbles, or one of the Orthodox monks of Sinai about the Codex Sinaiticus. Coo, Mumsie!

A high dictatorial tone seems to be the approved method of getting away with it, a



"No, it was the curry in the café!"

chap who risked a Turkish jail a few years ago by snaffling a nice chunk of marble from the ruins of Ephesus tells us. If caught, his rather haughty line would have been that he was acting in the best interests of Universal Culture. We pointed out that the same line would suit any citizen who walks off by night with, say, a Goya or a Tanagra from a private collection (compare the long baggage-train of Marshal Soult, crammed with the treasure of half the cathedrals of Spain). This chap said yes, but he would have written a long letter from prison to Auntie Times, full of culture and moral indignation. - Auntie would then have raised hell with the Turks (simple-minded chaps, terrified of that old besom) and got somebody to send the Fleet to Ankara.

Gesture

A NICE point, as the lawyers say, rubbing their hands, when they prepare to skin you, arises from the case of that R.N.V.R. officer recently dismissed his ship for taking his Christmas dinner with five ratings.

Discipline in armed forces rests on the dogma that officers are a caste apart; hence the traditional severity of punishment for insubordination and all those floggings which Queen Victoria was so loath to see abolished. When a sergeant approached Slogger Cromwell on the parade-ground with a grievance the Slogger drew a pistol and blew the sergeant's brains out and the morning's work proceeded; showing that even in the Commonwealth brotherhood in arms was not all. On the other hand there is a folk-song of the Race, circa 1895, which shows that caste-distinctions were occasionally relaxed:

The 10.30 train was just starting,
A woman sat in tears,
A poor British soldier approached her,
And asked her the cause of her fears;
His General strolling beside him
Noticed his action well-bred,
And taking the hand of that soldier-lad,
Raising his helmet he said:

(Refrain, with genuine feeling)

"Always be kind to a woman,
Always be good to your wife,
Don't forget your mother,
She that gave you life" (etc.).



"And this scar I got in a game of blind-man's-buff at a mess party"

This happened long before British Democracy was invented, and a similar gesture may have been more frequent than we think. It is not found to any extent, oddly enough, in the egalitarian armies of the French Revolution, in which discipline was ruthless and a drummer aged sixteen might be shot for looting a hat. Fancy shooting chaps for scrounging! Coo!

Jug

WE invite the pallid Narcissi of the high-brow reviews, perpetually chattering about the Function of the Critic, to examine the problem of the Function of the Jug in Criticism, as recently reported from Philadelphia, U.S.

Neither Croce, Murry, nor any other leading authority has discussed this. It arises from a critic's leaping on the stage and exclaiming to the leading actor: "Mason, you stink! Go back to England!" The artist at once hurled a jug, just missing the critic. We put the case to a well-known London critic last week thus: "Given that an artist stinks, is it his function to hurl jugs when so informed?" The conversation proceeded:

"Certainly not. The function of the critic—"

"Suppose the critic stinks equally?"

"Name one."

(We named two or three critics about town, notorious stinkards.)

"Rubbish! To exhale a delicious aroma of Parma violets, on which everyone comments, is not to stink."

"Very well, what about the Critics' Circle? Do you deny there has been trouble from the sanitary authorities when those boys are in conclave?"

"Trouble, possibly—but what exquisite trouble! You remember the L.C.C. inspector who fainted last year?"

"Yes, indeed."

"His exact words before losing consciousness were: 'Tell Ruby not to grieve. This is one vast garden of roses.'"

Footnote

IN other words, this critic denied our premises, as the logic boys say. It follows that he totally denied the artist's right to hurl jugs. He said that the precedent of 1881, when Rossetti hurled a jug (hand-made by William Morris) at Ruskin was no precedent, because it was Chelsea and everybody was drunk, naturally.

Automismos

IT makes a vessel's nose bleed, as Mr. Weller (sen.) said, to contemplate the worried mediocrities of Europe and America poring over the Greek internal problem as if it were something new and surprising. The Greeks have a word for their difficult temperament, as H. V. Morton discovered some time ago. It is *automismos*: individuality, self-assertion, or even egotism.



Owing to *automismos* the Greeks carry on today just as they did when they broke finally with the Latin world, after several rows, in the XVth century, or when they made Byzantium a bear-garden, or when they formed into fiercely rival partisan-groups during the late war, or when, in the Classic Age, they were a mosaic of small warring states. The Argonauts probably broke into five separate sects, and it's a marvel to us that Ulysses stayed at home on his return unless there was some man called (say) Pappadopoulos in the house to fight with. A nice bit of Greek Drama that would have made, too.

PENELOPE: This is Mr. Pappadopoulos, an uncle of mine. (*Retires.*)

ULYSSES: The hell it is!

Enter Chorus, rather gloomy.

CHORUS: O ineluctable fate!
O irremediable destiny!
O—

UL: One moment. (to P.) Say something, and I'll contradict you instantly.

Mr. Pappadopoulos, who likes his comfort, makes a sign with his fingers meaning "Nothing doing, by Zeus!" UL immediately makes a sign meaning: "By Pallas Athene, you're a liar!" A row then starts.

The Chorus never seems to have merged into a free-for-all, but we bet it chanted every message in at least five different keys, just to show 'em.

Chum

THAT pleasing story, printed in the Stock Exchange nook of this page recently, of the imported Lapp maid who was good at milking reindeer must have interested a chap we know who lives in Kent and has a reindeer in his drawing-room.

The situation may not be unusual. This chap first noted the reindeer, which has magnificent antlers, in 1944, after a heavy midnight dose of V-bombs. It wasn't doing anything in particular; merely sitting in a tall antique chair of Cordovan leather with its tongue out, looking at him. (There's a story about this chair, which is haunted. Three times a year heavy guttural snores are heard proceeding at 10 p.m. from an invisible occupant.) Next afternoon a Mrs. Margrave came to tea. "Don't sit on my reindeer," this chap said laughingly. Mrs. Margrave said: "It looks intelligent," and changed the subject. A week later the village policeman called and said, rather apologetically, there had been complaints. "From whom?" asked our friend sharply. The policeman blushed and said: "Our Invisible Dumb Friends' League, sir." The reindeer, who had been listening carefully, said: "I am not invisible, you fool." Our friend said to the policeman: "There you are, Mobsley, look for yourself. This damned village is a hive of gossip." The policeman then left. The reindeer remains.

That is all. What were you expecting? A mystery-story?



"You're guessing. You don't know the answer, do you? Now, for your forfeit I want you to bend down . . ."



Alexander Bender

MOIRA LISTER is Noel Coward's new leading lady when he revives his sparkling satirical comedy *Present Laughter* at the Haymarket Theatre to-day. She is South African and came over to this country only three years ago. In her own country she appeared with Marie Ney and Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies when they were over there, until winning a bet at the Johannesburg races enabled her to get a passage to England. She played leading roles in the Stratford season of 1944-45, among which were Juliet, Desdemona and Olivia, and this was followed by the John Clements season, when she appeared in *The Kingmaker* and *Marriage à la Mode*. In *Present Laughter* she will be seen as the seductive Joanna Lypiatt, the role created by Judy Campbell

BUBBLE and SQUEAK

THERE was a car crash at the corner of the road, and six men who had obviously been celebrating climbed out of the wreck and stood looking about owlishly.

The policeman arrived with notebook in hand, but before he could open his mouth one of the party forestalled him. "Sallright," he said. "No one's fault. There's no—hic—one to blame. We all riding in the back seat."

THE Victory procession had just passed, and out of the cheering crowd a small girl emerged with a tearful little brother clinging to her arm. Becoming aware of the youngster's tears, the girl turned sharply on him.

"Be quiet! you're never satisfied," she snapped. "You've been kicked by a general's horse, shoved over by a Member of Parliament, walked on by a V.C., and now you're howling! Ungrateful, I call it!"

NORMAN PATERSON, in a weekly paper, tells of this German comment on the different attitudes of the four occupation Powers to their various zones, which was going the rounds of the university town of Göttingen recently:

One day a Russian, a Frenchman, an American and an Englishman were looking round an aquarium when suddenly out of a tank jumped four goldfish. The Russian immediately stamped on one of the fish and killed it outright; the Frenchman stooped down, picked up one of the others, put it in his pocket and took it home for supper; the American merely disregarded the fish that landed next to him; the Englishman picked up the fourth fish, gently dusted it, put it back in the tank and then proceeded to drain off the water.

THE chemist was getting exasperated. He had been explaining and pricing dozens of articles to the customer, who really didn't want to buy anything at all.

Finally she picked up a bottle. "Is this Pest Exterminator reliable?" she asked. "How is it applied?"

"You take a tablespoonful every hour, madam," the chemist replied with biting emphasis. No more questions were asked.

THE scene was one of the big stations and an Army captain was being greeted by his family. First his wife embraced him, silently, a little tearfully. Then came his little five-year-old daughter, who hugged him thoroughly, and then said:

"Daddy," pointing to a toddler of two who stood beside her, "I want to introduce you to my baby brother. We got him while you were away."

"THAT girl," said the librarian to his assistant, "gets more out of a novel than anybody I know."

"Why is that?" answered the assistant. "Well, she always starts in the middle, so she's not only wondering how it will all end, but how it began."

TWO women were comparing their experiences of matrimony.

"Yes," said the first, "I owe much of my success and happiness during marriage to two books. They have been a source of help and inspiration lots of times."

"Two books!" exclaimed the other. "Whatever were they?"

"My mother's cookery book and my father's cheque book."



A group of prize-puppy walkers with their winning dog hounds, which they have looked after so ably during the past months. They are Mr. Allen with first-prize winner Sailor, Mr. T. Kessel with Landlord (second), Mr. Harry Bastard and Winston (third), and Mr. J. James, Wicklow (fourth), a very fine quartet



Miss Jill Marshall, only daughter of the M.P. for Bodmin, with the puppy Vista which she walked; her mother, Mrs. Douglas Marshall, and Mr. Nicholls, who farms at Lanwithan, the home of Mr. Marshall, M.P.

PICTURES IN THE FIRE

AT Lincoln a 100 to 1 winner in something like a quagmire: at Aintree another 100 to 1 winner on a course that was most astonishingly not as bad as it was feared that it would be. There was only one really soft spot, and an unfortunate one, as I think, for those three fences after Valentine's (Nos. 10, 11, 12) take a lot of doing the second time round, most especially No. 12, the one before the Anchor Bridge and the Melling Road. It is a little matter of 5 ft. high, 3 ft. thick through, the ditch on the landing side 5 ft. 6 ins. wide and 4 ft. deep—that is, deeper than the brook at Becher's. It is no baby place, and if the gallant Becher had done his disappearing act there instead of at the spot where Conrad fell twice, this obstacle might well have stolen all the Grand National thunder.

Whilst the lightly-weighted Caughoo, who had never seen an English steeplechase fence before, let alone an Aintree one, had them all stretched for dead two fences from home, the acting honours of the piece, I think, must go to gallant little Lough Conn. He cut out the work almost from the start, and he was well clear after crossing Becher's, over which Domino led them the first time, and he set them a gay dance all the way till two fences from home. Then came this other Irishman, whom apparently no one had so much as seen until the Canal Turn the second time. It was quite clear that he was then full of running, and was just that one unexpected that had not been cut down by the forcing tactics of Lough Conn's jockey. And here is a note sent me by someone who was in the stand at Valentine's, and is a very well-known G.R. of former days, and a very first-class judge:

"Visibility abominable; we saw Becher's in a blur, and about two of the fences after Valentine's. I think it was only after that fence the second time that it dawned upon any of us that something was tailing Lough Conn, who looked full of running; but Caughoo must have been up amongst them all the way and no one noticed him. Considering how holding the going was and how tired most of them must have been the last time round, the jumping was remarkable. We all thought Lough Conn would see them all out, but he galloped himself to a standstill. Sorry you were not with us, for the lunch was excellent!"

Jumped Like a Buck

THE reason why Lough Conn fell last year at the second fence in the country the second time, a plain flying obstacle, was because he made a dart for a gap, landed a bit sideways, and slipped up. He never hit the fence. As was the case this year, he made all the running until this mishap, jumped magnificently and

never laid a toe on a twig. After last year's race, McCann, who also rode him this year, said but for this unfortunate slip he would have skated home. Few believed him, but some did, and this year he proved to us that it was not such an idle boast.

Bar this amazing winner of two Ulster Grand Nationals, Lough Conn cut them all down and hung them up to dry; then this horse with the quaint name came like a ghost out of the murk and went on to win in a canter. It was just one of those things that happen. So far as the weights were concerned, there was just 1 lb. in it: Caughoo had 10 st., Lough Conn 10 st. 1 lb., and Kami, who was third and well beaten, 10 st. 13 lbs. It was not a top-weights' day, and I suppose after all that the weather has done to us this winter, we ought not to have believed that anything with a big packet could hope to compete with the Great Handicapper underfoot.

Yet many hoped that Prince Regent's high class would serve him. He fought a gallant fight and he was beautifully ridden. He was well up as they crossed the water; within striking distance as they went into the country the second time, and when he moved up after the Anchor Bridge and was either fifth or sixth as they jumped the second last one, it looked just for a moment as if the desire of so many hearts might come true. Prince Regent has been carrying these big weights in all sorts of going over all sorts of courses for years, and that at last over the stiffest course in the world in very heavy going he should succumb is no disgrace. I think everyone is disappointed that the great champion did not reap the full reward of his dauntless courage.

The amazing thing to most people was the way in which this little Irish horse, Lough Conn, treated the fences; he flicked over them as if they were so many sheep hurdles. So little regard has never been expressed for so much! An astounding thing about this year's race was the high percentage of horses which completed the course. Falls, of course, there were, and two unfortunately bad ones.

Not a Favourites' Week

WE could not even pick the right one at Putney! Oxford were much "expected," because it was believed that the Light Blues had had to be sorted out too much and too often owing to shortage of material; but this turned out all wrong, and we must hand it to Coach for being a very high-class magician. He produced just the right mixture at the right moment after a by no means easy job.

Like all heavy crews, Cambridge found the water no bother to them, and they were never

upset. They showed the pace they were supposed to lack, and may be said to have taken complete command from the stake-boat. An enthusiastic young Wet Bob friend, who is still up at Cambridge, says that they had it won in the first half-mile. After Hammersmith certainly it was no race, and from Chiswick Eyot Cambridge were just paddling. Oxford seemed to go to bits very early on, and to hear per wireless that they were rushing forward almost before they had passed Harrods was ominous indeed. However, both can't win.

Black Tom Olliver

JUST a little scrap-book piece *vis à vis* the welcome news about the abandoned Cheltenham. This celebrity about whom there are so many yarns, mostly amusing and some, no doubt, apocryphal, was born in an inn practically on the steeplechase course. He had nineteen rides in the Grand National, and he won it on Gaylad in 1842, on Vanguard in 1848, and Peter Simple in 1853. He was placed quite a lot of times, including his second on Seventy-Four in the first Aintree Grand National in 1839 to Jem Mason on Lottery.

The best yarn I ever heard about him concerned a little game he had at a small country meeting somewhere in the west. Tom had a moderate horse in a race for which there were only three competitors—his slowcoach, another safe plodder and a fast, clever animal owned by a local farmer and ridden by his son. There did not seem to be any easy road to the money, but just before the race Tom heard the farmer telling his son to "stick to that theer Olliver, do exactly as he does, and you'll beat him home for pace"! Off went the cavalcade, Tom setting a nice easy hunting gallop and the farmer's lad jumping in his pocket at every obstacle; the other plodder soon being about two fields behind. When they jumped into a road Tom pulled up, and started to trot down it towards a village inn. The farmer's lad, deeply suspicious, was after him like a hare. "Like a drink?" said Black Tom. So they had one. "Now let's go and finish the race," he then said. So off they went. The boy waited until they had jumped the last one, and then went by the wicked man with a wild hurroosh! His father met him with an ash-plant. "Ye dom'd gowk!" he said, "t'other's been in twenty minutes or more!" It is hardly necessary to relate which one Tom Olliver had backed.

Sabnetache



In the foreground are Mrs. R. H. Hall, wife of Capt. Hall, the former Master of the North Cornwall, and Major-Gen. E. G. W. W. Harrison, the present Master. The show was held at his home, Tremear, St. Tudy



The prize-winning bitches lined up after the judging. This is the first puppy show that the hunt has held since 1940. Mr. Fred Chapman with Victory, who was first, Mrs. Markby with Vital (second), Mr. Sandry and Satire (third), and Mr. Parkhouse with Lavender (fourth). They are hoping to get together a good pack of hounds again

The North Cornwall Foxhounds are now trying to get a good pack together again after the war years. Owing to the energy of the farmers, the hunt was kept going through all that difficult time, though on a much reduced scale. During the years 1945-46 hounds hunted short days about three times a fortnight, and there was a good show of foxes. The country extends from Boscastle and Padstow Bay, on the north coast, to Fowey in the south. The best centres for it are Bodmin, Camelford and Wadebridge

Scoreboard



IT was on the coast that round our shores from Deal to Ramsgate spans that W. S. Gilbert found the elderly naval man sitting solo on a stone. He also found, on the shores and elsewhere, a way of writing light verse that has not since been remotely challenged, except, in spasms, by

A.P.H. Lightness and verse being both now démodés—indeed, bad form—Gilbert will stand for ever solitary. By his robustness he upsets the Gallicophiles of the London Literary Lumber Camp. He offends the twittering intellectuals by his shortness on Ology and Ism. He was so normal that he must have had a Father Complex, so rude that, even forty years on, no one worth reading has written his Biography for fear of being cursed, unrepeatably, from the Beyond. (Professor O. Croakyn-Bore hopes shortly to resume his unintelligible articles.)

IT was on Deal, and the Halford Hewitt Golf Cup, that I was about to touch when I interrupted myself. That revelrous king of foursome tournaments, with his crown somewhat over the left ear, with mashie-niblick for sceptre and orb by Dunlops, will this week be re-enthroned by acclamation of his loyal but rebellious subjects, unless the Cabinet, on the advice of Messrs. Shinwell and Chuter Ede, decide that two or three hundred persons lighting cigarettes from Virginia around the links constitute a threat to fuel and Democracy.

The present holders are the Carthusians, a team not bound to monasticism except by name. Mr. Halford Hewitt, the great original, customarily known as the Donor, himself stayed the course at Charterhouse in the days of good Dr. Haig Brown, and, in pre-war Tournaments, gave away not only liberal hospitality, but many pounds in weight through organising over-tight finishes and trying to correlate the calling in post-prandial Bridge.

One rare-ish hand flits back to mind in which he picked up all thirteen hearts, only to find that

his opponent on the left, the dealer, had unaccountably served himself with thirteen spades. He also found difficulty in mastering a morning newspaper which tended to burst into flames at all four corners at once. His many friends, card-playing, illuminating, and otherwise, will be delighted to learn that the Donor, having quelled a serious illness, hopes to complete his recuperation at the revival of the Jamboree.

DEAL links have a finish fit for the gods. At the last hole, the plateau green is guarded by a stream as beautiful and destructive as Helen of Troy. A tee-shot, overdrawn ever so little, causes a goat-like stance and the eternal debate between prudence and adventure. It was here, ten years ago, that I saw Harrow's Lord Brabazon, in a terrific finish, attempting the heroic impossible with a gouty foot and a number-something iron. Here, twenty-seven years ago, George Duncan won his Open Championship, after being thirteen strokes behind the leader, Abe Mitchell, at half-time.

If ever a golfer deserved a Championship and here had the fruit hanging ripe to the grasp, that man was Mitchell. On the last cold morning, Duncan set fire to the course with a 71. Mitchell, nearly last to start, instead of hugging the home hearth, walked among the early players with anxious and appraising eye. Active at last, he dropped a stroke at each of the first four holes. At the fifth he took 7, and then—had half an hour for icy meditation on the sixth tee. Vanished were thirteen strokes in the bad dream of one round.

SINCE the last Halford Hewitt, Deal's secretary, Bernard Drew, and his assistants have repelled the sea and repaired its damage. Can the Carthusians repel their challengers and repair, or disguise, the damage of the years? The gay and skilful John Beck will be there to lead them. So, I fancy, will John Morrison, architect of new fairways and old victories; also their head-trainer, Ben Travers, with a play in his head and some medicine in his pocket for the more nervous patients.

R.C. Robertson Glasgow.



Mr. Fred Chapman looks proudly at the first-prize winning bitch Victory, which he walked. The V sign on the coat is a natural marking



Younger members of the hunt had some sad moments when the puppies they had got to know so well were taken to the kennels

BOOKS

REVIEWED BY

ELIZABETH BOWEN

"The Street"

"The Age of Reason"

"Dangling Man"



Mr. P. Weld-Doon, Mrs. Thompson, Capt. Scrivener, Mrs. Compton, Capt. Reggie Wills and Mrs. Ullman. The Hotel Metropole, where the ball was held, has just been reopened after wartime requisitioning



M. and Mme. Newmark, two visitors from France who were at the ball



Lady Blaker, Sir Reginald Blaker, formerly a Middlesex M.P., and Mr. B. S. Cammell



Hamlin, Brighton

The Master with members of his party: Mrs. Willis King Brown, Jun., Miss Judy Ford, Mr. Francis Haddock, Sir Francis Samuelson (Master), Mr. Christopher Samuelson, Miss Nonie Pashley, Mr. Richard Samuelson and Mrs. A. E. Cook

The Brighton and Storrington Foot Beagles Hunt Ball

At the Hotel Metropole, Brighton

"THE STREET" (Michael Joseph; 10s. 6d.) is a remarkable novel dealing with "one of America's largest ghettos—New York's Harlem." Its author, Ann Petry, is herself a coloured woman—thanks to happy family background, a Connecticut upbringing, education, enterprise and, above all, character (which beams from her youthful portrait on the back of the wrapper), her own path in life has not been shadowed by the miseries she describes.

Solicitude for, and pride in, her own race does none the less burn from her pages. Working as a journalist in New York she became closely familiar with the life of that city's negro quarter; the characters and stories of its inhabitants could not, one may gather, have meant more to her if they *had* been her own.

Harlem, to many New Yorkers and almost all visitors, connotes, or used to connote, night clubs—the nocturnal taxi-ride; the whispering, throbbing blues; the dim-lit, heliotrope-heavy indoor atmosphere, at once exotic, exciting and deeply lulling. But who has not felt, at the same time, some sort of imaginative qualm? There was an unpleasant flavour of exploitation. The real life of Harlem remained unguessed-at, untouched. The streets, as one drove or walked away in the first grey of morning, held something more than the mystery all city streets have at that pre-waking hour—they seemed sombre, cryptic, charged with the mass-personality of a transplanted race.

Even at roaring midday, something would have divided one from the inhabitants. Now Miss Petry, using the magic of the novelist, leads us inside doorways and up stairs.

CITY within a city, revolving upon itself, Harlem has its degrees of respectability. "The street" of this novel forms part of the network of an out-and-out slum—scabrous tenement houses, garbage in the gutters, run-wild children, raucous women, loafing men and fly-blown, if amiable, little shops. It is with sinking heart that Lutie Johnson pays out three months' rent in advance for a poky top-floor flat: worn out by the search for anywhere else to live, she resigns herself to making this place her home, where she can at least be alone with her little son.

She is beautiful, a high-spirited negro girl, without any of the fatalism of her race. She had married young; her husband Jim has failed her—now, putting her hurt heart and broken-up life behind her, she centres all her ambitions on the eight-year-old Bub. On his behalf and her own she is in fierce revolt against poverty, with its demoralisations; and, still more, against what seems to be the doom, in America, of all coloured people. She has worked for two years—to support her husband while he was unemployed—in the house of a young, rich, white American couple: and, though she did not dislike the Chandlers personally, the contrast between their lot and hers has been too great: the iron has entered into her soul. Now, by dint of study at night schools, she has qualified as a civil servant. But this means she must leave Bub to his own devices all through the length of her office day.

It is not only from Lutie's angle that we see the tenement house and the street outside.

BOWEN ON BOOKS

There is Mrs. Hedges, the ground-floor tenant, proprietress of a more-than-dubious establishment, with her burnt-off hair and her snake-like eyes. There is Jones, super-intendent of the building, whose crazed desire for Lutie and schemes to get her into his power play such a part in the plot. There is Jones's downtrodden companion, the toothless Min, who, troubled by Jones's darkening mood, betakes herself to a witch-doctor for advice. There is Boots, the orchestra leader, with whom Lutie injudiciously makes friends in a bar; and there is the rich white man, the boss Junto, Boots' patron, who has bought up control over so many coloured destinies in "the street." Unhappily for Lutie, Junto's eye has lighted on her with favour. Boots Smith, who has, for reasons known to himself, offered her a job as cabaret singer, is warned off.

Beautiful, poor but honest, Lutie might seem to be yet one more "type" heroine of melodramatic fiction. In places *The Street* does verge upon melodrama. As against this, we have the realism of Miss Petry's manner, her vivid sympathy—not only with her characters, but with life itself—and her humour (which, given its contexts, cannot but be often dire and grim enough). This is a down-to-the-bone story about not the class but the race struggle. In spite of the squalid background, this is far from being a squalid book. If it is shocking sometimes, it is more often touching. One cannot but respond to the youth and strong natural bent towards happiness of Lutie and the little boy Bub. I share the opinion of one New York reviewer, who remarks how rare it is that a social document should be an accomplished novel at the same time.

RECORD
OF THE WEEK

"Lips like apple wine,
My soul for thee doth pine,
You're older than Auld Lang Syne."

Thus Richard Morgan burlesques, with interruptions, to the tune of Liszt's *Liebestraum*, transferring to the wax sheer nonsense with terrific effect. This is one side of a new His Master's Voice recording BD 1162, played by Spike Jones and His City Slickers. The reverse is devoted to Lincke's *The Glow-Worm*, and though Red Ingle and Aileen Carlisle put everything they know into their share of the fun, the tune does not lend itself as effectively as Liszt's masterpiece to the Marx Brothers-Crazy Gang-Hellzapoppin' kind of humour upon which the recording is based. R. T.

THE AGE OF REASON" (Hamish Hamilton; 10s.) is the first novel of Jean-Paul Sartre, most discussed of the younger French writers. Sartre's name is inseparable from Existentialism—the new school of philosophy which has appeared in Paris since the war, is spreading to the intellectual life of other cities, and is already affecting literary art. Sartre plays the sensation of Paris: only one, *Huis Clos*, has so far been performed in London—as *The Vicious Circle*. Short stories of his appeared before the war, but have not so far, I think, been translated. *The Age of Reason* was published in France in 1945: it is excellent that we should now have a chance of reading it—and, still more, that we should owe this English version to Eric Sutton. None of the force, flexibility and occasional colloquialism of the writing have been lost.

The idea of a novel by a philosopher may be alarming. Actually, *The Age of Reason* is at once engaging—more sheerly "readable" than many books of less intellectual content. The action takes place within forty-eight hours, in Paris, in 1938. The group of characters pass swiftly in and out of each other's lives—Mathieu, professor of philosophy, whose mistress Marcelle tells him she is going to have a child; their friend, Daniel, tormented by the secret of his emotional life; Ivich, the White Russian girl student, to whom Mathieu feels an irritable attraction; Ivich's brother Boris, who is having an affair with the night-club singer Lola.

All these people are aware with intensity of their own existences: for Mathieu, the question

whether his child is or is not to be, should or should not be, born brings about a crisis of the personality in which his whole past comes surging to the top. In the background, all the time, is the Spanish war; on the horizon mount up the world-war clouds of 1939.

The Age of Reason has been criticised, in this country, as harsh and sordid. You may, apart from any of the incidents, find something repellent in the egotism of the characters, who are, whether or not you like them, drawn with superb craft. (The girl Ivich, badly as she may have needed a slap, is a masterpiece.) Let me leave it, that this is a dynamic, deeply disturbing novel, and that not to have read *The Age of Reason* (which is, I note, the first book of a projected trilogy) is to have an incomplete view of the modern literary scene.

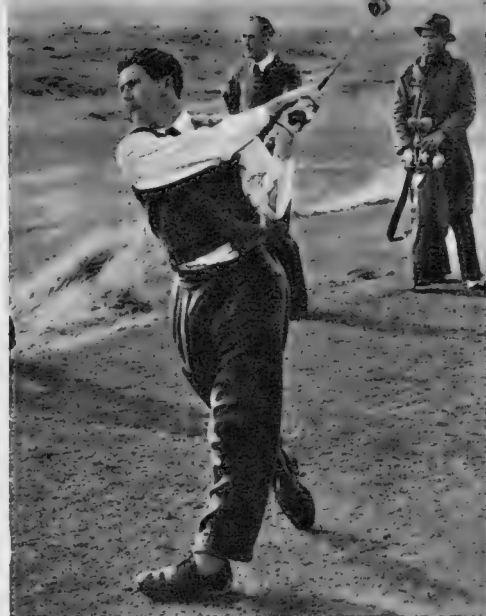
"DANGLING MAN," by Saul Bellow (John Lehmann; 8s. 6d.), comes from America, but touches, from the New World angle, on much the same matter as *The Age of Reason*—a man's sense of the problems and mystery of his own existence. The scene is Chicago; the "I" of the story, Joseph, is a man in a vacuum—he has resigned from his civilian job in expectation of being immediately called up into the Army; but owing to technicalities (he is Canadian-born) he finds himself left for months waiting about.

Idle (through no fault of his own), humiliated by having to live on his wife's earnings, Joseph spends day after day ticking over in the one-room apartment while Iva is out at work. He shuns his friends and squabbles with his relations; his rare outings almost always culminate in scenes—on Christmas Day, at his brother's, he spans his intolerable fifteen-year-old niece.

The book, however, is something better and more than a study of frustration and nervousity. During these "dangling" months (his journal opens in December 1942, closes in March 1943) Joseph, feeling himself impalpable as a ghost, gains something by being in ghostly, inconsidered close-upness to other human beings. He gets a new, penetrating view of them. Consequently, Joseph's wife Iva, his brother Amos, his parents-in-law, the fellow-lodgers in the house, the young intellectual set at the evening party, appear to the reader as they appear to him—as creatures under a microscope.

Most of all, however, we feel Joseph himself—faced for the first time at twenty-seven by the complete ordeal of self-awareness, in this extraordinary pause. . . . During these last years, many of us may have experienced just such a hiatus. If *Dangling Man*—written by Mr. Bellow with striking honesty—does not ring some bell, I shall be surprised. In its own right, this is a distinguished book.

Whitaker's Almanack for 1947, now available, is the largest and most informative edition yet published. Some idea of its scope is given by the fact that the index alone occupies eighty pages, and among the pre-war features to return are Legal Notes, the Weather, and the Tables of Tides and Tidal Constants. The Complete edition is 12s. 6d., the Shorter edition 7s. 6d., and the half-leather Library edition, with maps, £1 5s.



D. V. Houlding (Oxford) driving from the seventh tee in his match at Rye with V. D. O. Smyth, which he won 9 and 8



The two captains, W. A. F. Macdonald (Oxford; left) and A. E. Cooper (Cambridge). Oxford won by nine matches to six



J. E. Kitchen (Oxford) playing in his match with J. A. C. Kneel, which he won 10 and 8

Oxford Beats Cambridge
at Golf



**Powell — Walker**

Dr. B. W. Powell, youngest son of Canon and Mrs. C. Powell, of Bracken Cottage, Walberswick, Suffolk, married Miss Jean Walker, only daughter of the late Mr. F. C. Walker, and of Mrs. Walker, of 25, Woodruff Avenue, Hove, Sussex, at St. John's, Hove

**Allnutt — Lenagan**

The marriage took place at Lima, Peru, of Major Ian Peter Allnutt, elder son of Col. E. Bruce Allnutt, C.B.E., M.C., and Mrs. Allnutt, of Farnham, Surrey, to Doreen Louise Lenagan, daughter of Major and Mrs. Lenagan, of Maraval, Port of Spain, Trinidad

**Gibson — Whittall**

Lt. Ivor Robert Deighton Gibson, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. I. F. Gibson, of Twycross, Charterhouse, Godalming, Surrey, married Miss Joan M. Whittall, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Whittall, of 7, Princes Gate, S.W.7, at Holy Trinity, Brompton

**Minter — Stanford**

Mr. John Minter, second son of Sir Frederick and Lady Minter, of Rivers Hall, Boxted, Essex, married Miss Barbara Geraldine Stanford, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Stanford, of Myland Lodge, Colchester, Essex, at St. Michael's, Myland

**Heywood — Godefroi**

Sir Oliver Kerr Heywood, Bt., son of the late Major-Gen. Cecil Percival Heywood, and of Mrs. Heywood, of Nell Gwynn House, London, S.W.3, married Miss Denise W. Godefroi, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jocelyn Godefroi, of Cranmer Court, London, S.W.3, in London

**Deighton — Duncan**

The Rev. Herbert Stanley Deighton (Dean and Fellow of Pembroke College, Oxford), son of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Deighton, of Steyning, Sussex, married Miss Mary Elizabeth Anne Duncan, adopted daughter of Lord and Lady Uthwatt, of Whitefriars, Sandwich, Kent, at the Savoy Chapel

THEY WERE MARRIED

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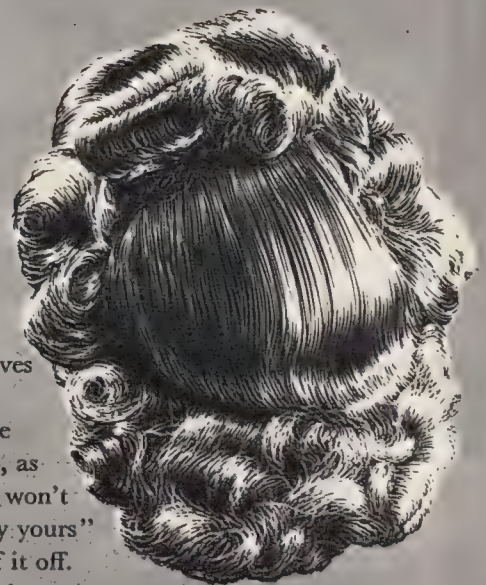


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Fashion Page

by Winifred Lewis

Photographs by Richard Sharpe



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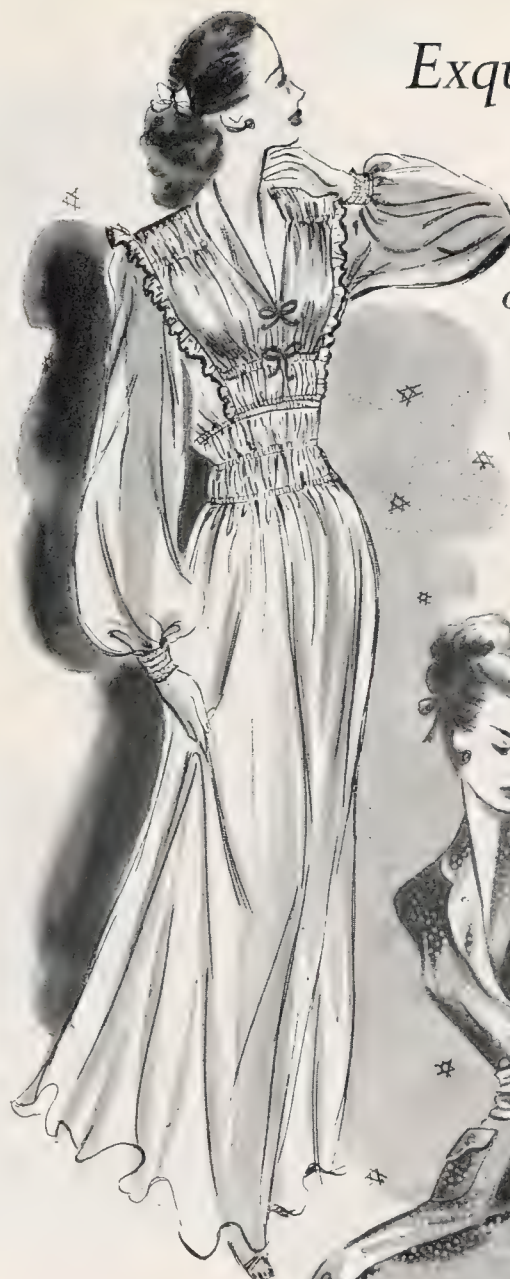
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The "Tatler's" Register of ENGAGEMENTS



Miss Diana Mary Came Doll who is to marry **Lord Meston**, of Hurst Place, Cookham Dene, Berkshire. Miss Doll is the only daughter of Captain and Mrs. O. S. Doll, of 16 Upper Cheyne Row, Chelsea. Lord Meston, who is the second baron, succeeded in 1943



Miss Jacqueline Geare is engaged to **Lt.-Col. H. Bredin, D.S.O., M.C.**, the Royal Ulster Rifles, younger son of the late Lt.-Col. A. Bredin, and of Mrs. Bredin, of Cloncallows, Old Dover Road, Canterbury. Miss Geare is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Geare, of Oxhill, Warwickshire



Miss Philippa Cary and **Major The Hon. Desmond Prittie** who are engaged to be married. Major Prittie, who is in the Rifle Brigade, is the elder son of Lord and Lady Dunally of Kilboy, Nenagh, Co. Tipperary. Miss Cary is the only child of Major the Hon. Philip Cary, Grenadier Guards, and the Hon. Mrs. Philip Cary of 7 Sloane Street, London, S.W.



Miss Pauline Mander, younger daughter of Lt.-Col. H. V. Mander of Congreve Manor, Staffordshire, and of Mrs. Mander of 28 Dawson Place, W.2, is to marry **Lt. Ian Pearse, R.N.**, son of Mr. G. Langlands, of Rio de Janeiro, and of Mrs. H. Pearse and stepson of Mr. H. Pearse, of 3, Clive Place, Esher



Miss Rosemary Elizabeth Bell, younger daughter of Major and the Hon. Mrs. Bertram Bell, of Fota Island, Co. Cork, Eire, is to marry **Captain A. H. H. Villiers, Grenadier Guards**, son of Captain Gerald Villiers, Royal Navy (ret.), and Mrs. Gerald Villiers



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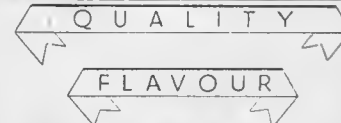
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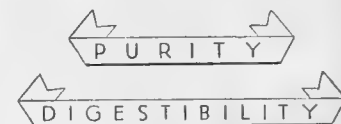
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Oliver Steward ON FLYING

At last someone has had the nerve to reveal the fact that wangling is nowadays a necessary process for advancement in any trade or profession. It is especially necessary in aviation where everything that is not forbidden is compulsory. And it takes an expert wangler to get round the innumerable restrictive regulations so as to get in a little actual flying.

I still do not know, for instance, what is the position of the ultra-light aeroplane people. Long before the war the Government of that day gave these people a large degree of freedom. And the result was the beginning of what might have proved a useful ultra-light aeroplane movement.

A Suggestion

But this sort of freedom is out of fashion. Nobody seems to expect to be allowed to fly just when and where he pleases and in what machine. He expects rather to spend a fortune and a lifetime in battling with the regulations. May I make a suggestion to the Ministry of Civil Aviation? I think it should decide to remove some restriction and to make a gala day to mark the occasion.

Let it whip up its Public Relations Officers into a frenzy of activity, let it hire brass bands and have carpets laid at Heathrow. Let it arrange for favours to be worn (and their manufacture licensed), and let it arrange for souvenir programmes (the Board of Trade concurring in the provision of paper) to be sold. It would be a great occasion this removal of a restriction. Moreover, it would be, for these days, a unique occasion. For restrictions are imposed readily enough; but they are seldom removed. What fame would attach to the Ministry of Civil Aviation if it struck a blow for aeronautical liberty.

The Merlin Again

It would be wrong to base conclusions upon the achievements of the first machine; but it is already perfectly clear that the Skymaster with Rolls-Royce Merlin engines is an especially good aeroplane with a performance which will ensure that it will not become obsolescent for a long time.

We know the Merlin engine in all its forms. It is one of the best-known engines in the world. Moreover it is an engine suited to reasonably high performance in that it can be housed in a fairly low drag cowl. In fact if one excludes turbojets, the Merlin is about as good as any engine has ever been in this respect.

It seems to me, therefore, that more notice than has yet been paid it should be directed at the Merlin engined Skymaster. Canada is to use it, and I believe that she has made a wise choice. One would like to see Canadian air line operators using not only British engines, but also British aircraft; but the aircraft position must remain difficult for some time to come owing to our concentration on military machines during the war. The next best thing is the American designed aircraft—Canadian built if it can be arranged—with British engines.

Drift Landing Gear

It is good to see the Civil Aeronautics Administration in America interesting itself in the cross-wind landing gear. This is a British invention which appeared over here many years ago as the Maclaren undercarriage. It was tried on single and twin-engined aircraft and proved fully the claims made for it.

In view of this experience, it is a little strange to see the Americans going through the whole process of experiment all over again, apparently bent on discovering the things we discovered earlier. In the States it is called the Goodyear cross-wind gear and the Fairchild Aircraft Division put it on a PT-19. Firestone are also developing a cross-wind landing gear on an Ercoupe.

I was always of the opinion that if the invention had received more publicity at the time, it might have caught on and been fitted to smaller aeroplanes. The advantages for small machines are enormous because they would permit aerodromes to be created for them in thousands of places where the ordinary multi-runway aerodrome would be impossible. With the drift landing gear a single track runway, like a wide road, is all that is needed. The undercarriage may be described, therefore, as a big success for British invention and a big failure for British publicity.

Facing Backwards

QUESTIONS were asked in the House of Commons a short time ago which suggested that certain members believed that the seats in the Viking aircraft of the King's Flight are all arranged facing towards the tail. The facts are that the seats are arranged some facing forward and some facing rearward in the manner of the seats in railway carriages.

But this does not lessen the interest in the rearward facing seat as an aid to safety. In a crash the person sitting facing rearward is less likely to be seriously damaged than the person facing forward. That seems to be fairly well established.

And on that basis one might argue that all the seats in all air liners ought to be arranged to face towards the tail; but there comes a point at which one must cease designing for a crash. After all aircraft are not intended to become involved in accidents. Seat arrangement should aim first of all at giving comfort and a pleasing distribution. Crash safety should be only an afterthought.



Wing Commander Christopher North-Lewis, D.S.O., D.F.C., son of Mr. and Mrs. E. North-Lewis of Burford, Oxfordshire, and Mrs. Virginia Howell-Jones of Drayton Gardens, Kensington, after their marriage in London. Wing Commander North-Lewis captured a German garrison of 300 after he was shot down on a Rhine island near Wessel in 1945

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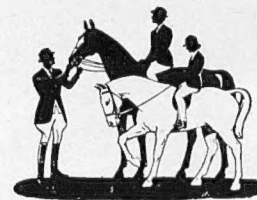
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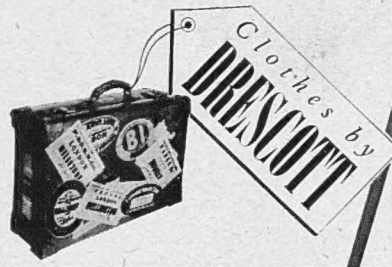
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